

# The Sketch

No. 743.—Vol. LVIII.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1907.

SIXPENCE.

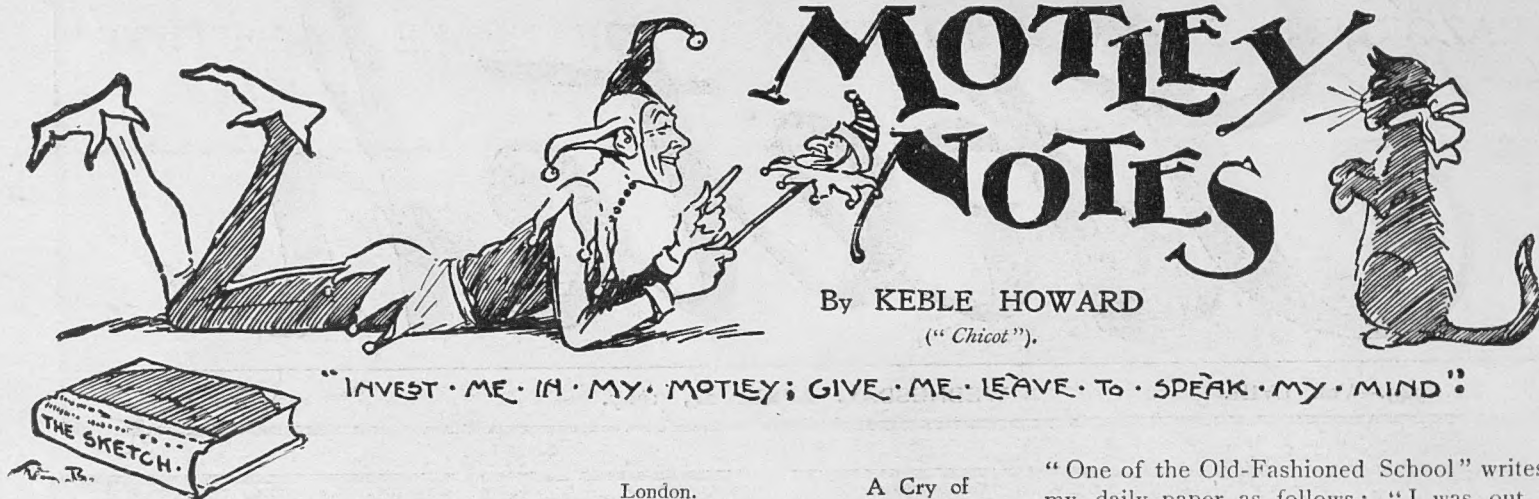


MISS MARIE TEMPEST'S GREATEST PIECE OF ACTING: BECKY WARDER, THE LIAR IN "THE TRUTH."

"The Truth" is so called chiefly because its main character is a natural liar, one who has inherited the habit of fibbing, and is unable to break herself of it.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*





"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND ·"

London.

#### A Nation of Bohemians.

Glancing the other day through an obituary notice, I came across the following sentence: "He was the last of the Bohemians." If I ever allowed myself to be annoyed by anything, "the which I don't," this would have annoyed me. Ignorance, real or assumed, always possesses the quality of irritation, and, of the two, real ignorance is the more annoying. The writer of the obituary notice, obviously, has failed to observe that Bohemianism, so far from having died out, has spread upwards and downwards through every section of society. It is even working its insidious way through the lower middle classes, that stronghold of conventionality, respectability, and neighbourly criticism. Education was bound to bring Bohemianism in its train, for Bohemianism is nothing more than intellectual freedom. For years and years it has been associated with improvidence, long hair, drink, and ragged clothes, not because the improvident, the long-haired, the drunken, and the raggedly clothed were necessarily Bohemians, but for the reason that many Bohemians were improvident, long-haired, drunken, and raggedly clothed. They were a living protest, in short, against the uncomfortable and senseless shackles of convention. And they overdid it.

#### The Individual and the Eccentric.

The modern Bohemian has more humour than the Bohemian of the last century. He does not go about in a dirty collar in order to show people that he has no desire to be invited to parties. He has as great a horror of pretty parties as his grandfather, but he has no intention of forfeiting his comfort for the sake of a principle. That would be overdoing it, and his sense of humour will not allow him to overdo it. For this reason it is impossible, nowadays, to tell whether a man is free or still enslaved merely by looking at him. If you insist on writing down those men who wear flowing ties and extraordinary hats as Bohemians, you will be utterly wrong. Eccentricity must not be mistaken for individuality. The eccentric is just the naughty schoolboy who has wandered beyond the prescribed boundaries without permission. He appreciates his own daring, and sincerely hopes that you will appreciate it as well. The individual has either never been to "school" or has long since left it. The eccentric is a *poseur*, and a *poseur* can never be a Bohemian. He is for ever wondering what people think of him, whereas the first principle of Bohemianism is that you do not care a rush what people think of you. This brings me back to my original contention—namely, that Bohemianism is spreading through every section of society.

#### Society and Mr. Lauder.

After the lower middle classes, the last section of society that you would suspect of simplicity is "Society." Yet Society, weary of dull excitement, is taking up Unsophistication as a hobby. I do not mean that it is leading the Simple Life; the Simple Life has been tried and found wanting. But it is going in for Humanity, Tenderness, Sentiment (as distinct from sentimentality, which is the birthright of the non-humorous). In proof of this statement, I may refer you to the stalls and the boxes of the Tivoli Music-Hall. There you shall find Society—with an enormous "S"—sitting at the feet of Mr. Harry Lauder. Why do they worship Mr. Lauder? Because he is funny? No! Because he is "eccentric"? He isn't. He is an individualist, and they worship him because he sings—

I love a lassie,  
A bonnie, bonnie lassie,  
She's as pure as a lily in the dell.

#### A Cry of Despair.

"One of the Old-Fashioned School" writes to my daily paper as follows: "I was out the other evening at a rather Bohemian party, and was shocked to hear a young man invite someone else's wife, whom he had never met until that occasion, out to tea, or to supper, whichever she preferred. Her reply was a gratified 'Yes,' and an appointment was made for the day following at the young man's club, for tea, the husband acquiescing without a murmur. A little later I heard the husband arrange a rendezvous with an unmarried girl for a walk in Kensington Gardens. I was horrified." I should think so, indeed! What in the world are we coming to? "One of the Old-Fashioned School" may well hold up her hands in despair! What could be duller than tea at a club? The fact that the young man had never met "someone else's wife" before merely aggravated his stupidity. On the top of this the husband must needs suggest, of all things in the world, a walk in Kensington Gardens! Small wonder that "One of the Old-Fashioned School" felt impelled to write to the papers. In her day, the dear people didn't issue such milk-and-watery invitations. But this is what comes of going to parties that are "rather Bohemian." I know that variety, and "One of the Old-Fashioned School" has my sincere sympathy.

#### A Fruitful Topic.

The Colonial ladies now in London are watching us very closely, and making, no doubt, mental comparisons. One of them, who has never been to this country before, recently fell into the clutches of a determined interviewer, who persuaded her to reveal some of her impressions. "I fancy," said the lady, "that English people eat more slowly than Australians do." The remark is suggestive. Is it true? If so, what will be the result on the future of Great Britain? In short—

#### DO WE EAT TOO SLOWLY?

What a capital subject for discussion next August! I can see some of the replies—

PATERFAMILIAS writes: "Deliberate mastication is the secret of our success as a nation. I devote twenty minutes to the chewing of a banana, and I insist that everybody in my house shall do the same. I always thought there was something queer about Australians."

HALE OLD BOY writes: "Yes; there can be little doubt that the majority of people eat too slowly. I shall be twenty-one for the fifth time next October, and I can still swallow a chop before my wife, who is only ninety-two, can cry 'Jack Robinson!' We play this game every day."

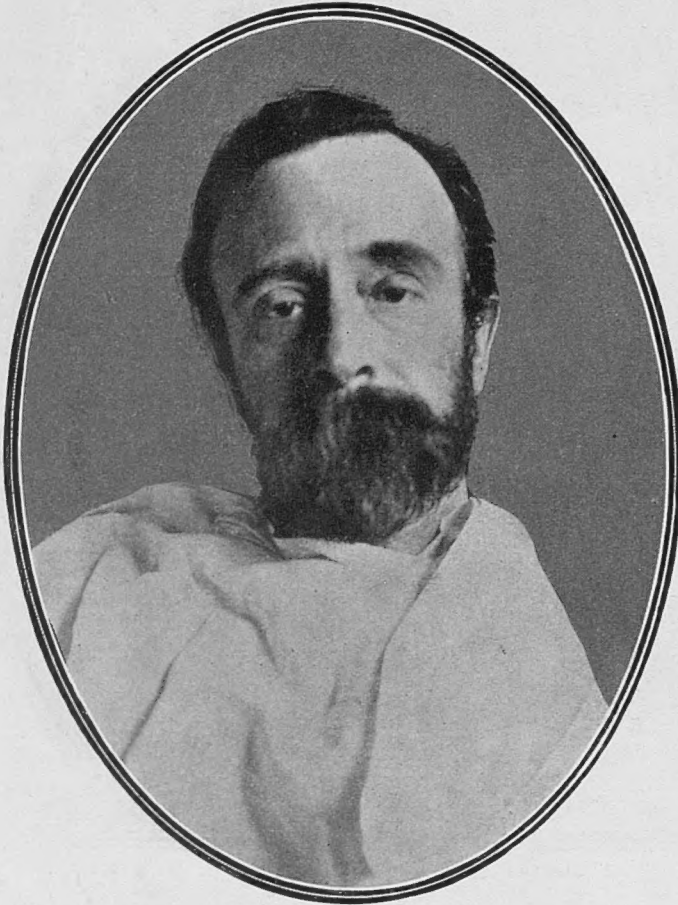
#### A Hideous Dream.

I had a horrible dream a few nights ago. I dreamt that I was the sub-editor of a religious weekly. There is nothing dreadful in that, of course; the horrible part comes later. My Editor, just off for a holiday—editors generally are, you know—instructed me to write to several people of eminence and ask them to tell me their favourite prayer. (I record this little story in all reverence, you understand.) Well, many of the eminent people replied, including a lady novelist of great fame. The lady wrote: "Dear Sir,—In reply to your esteemed favour, I have much pleasure in informing you that my favourite prayer is, 'Give us this day our daily bread.'" I placed it at the head of the column, put the paper to bed, and went there myself, feeling pleased. Next morning, when I opened my copy of the religious weekly, I found that three letters had been dropped from the lady novelist's favourite prayer, which, to my consternation, now read as follows: "Give us this day our daily ad." . . . . I woke up screaming.

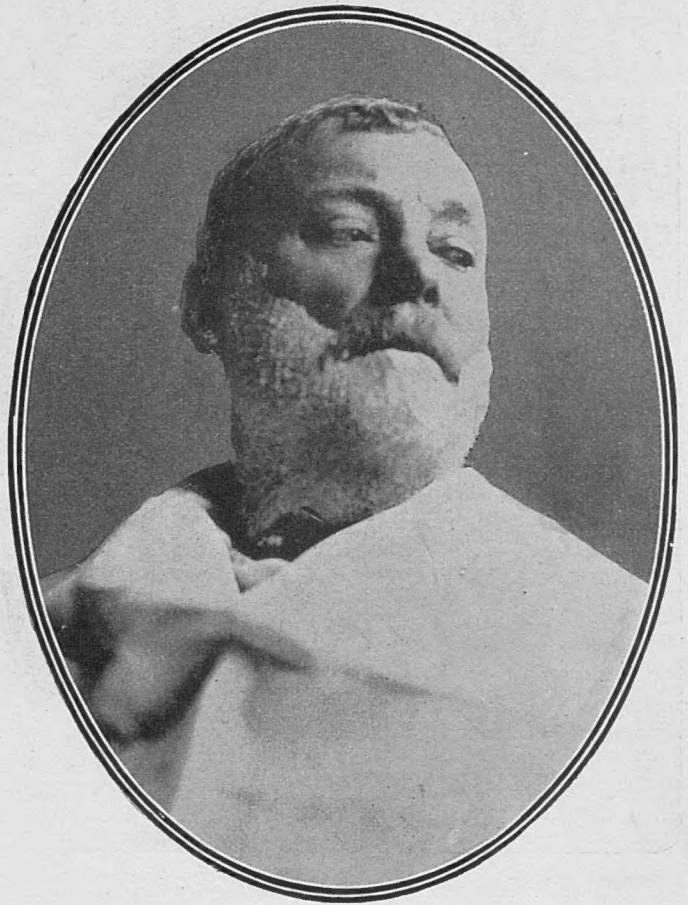


# RAZORLESS SHAVES FOR WEARERS OF "FACE FURNITURE":

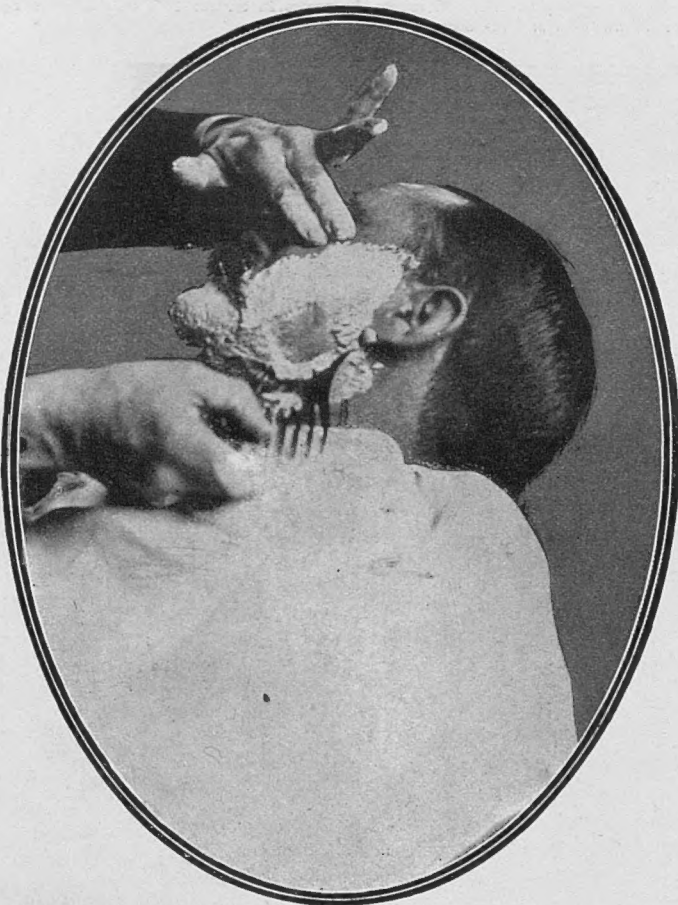
SHAVING A BEARD WITH THE AID OF THE NEW POWDER AND A LADY'S COMB.



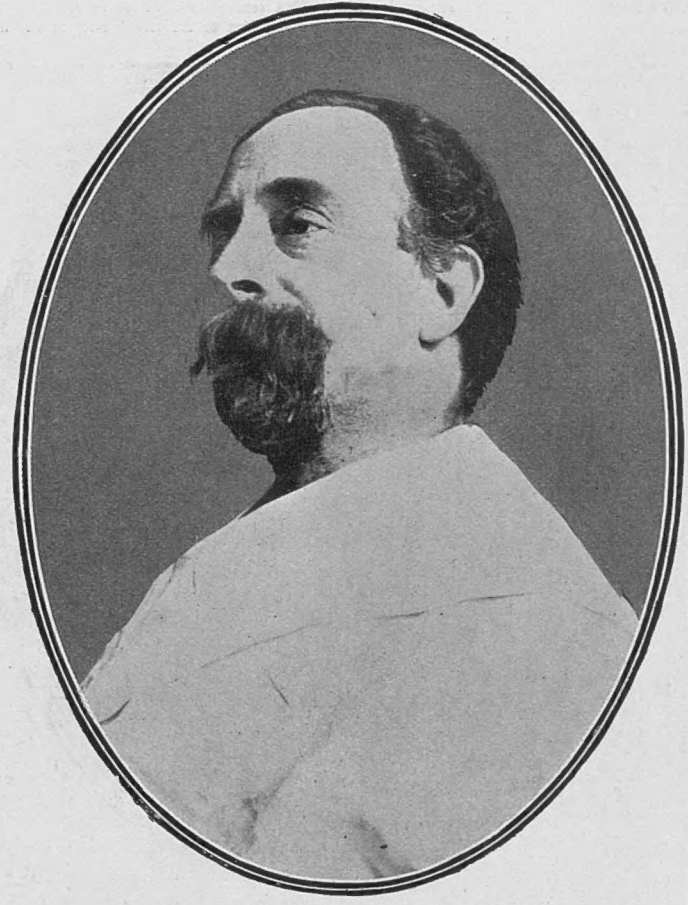
THE FULL-BEARDED SUBJECT OF WHOSE BEARD HALF WAS REMOVED WITHOUT A RAZOR.



THE MYSTERIOUS RAZORLESS SHAVING-POWDER IN LATHER FORM.



REMOVING THE SUBJECT'S BEARD WITH THE EDGE OF AN ORDINARY LADY'S COMB.

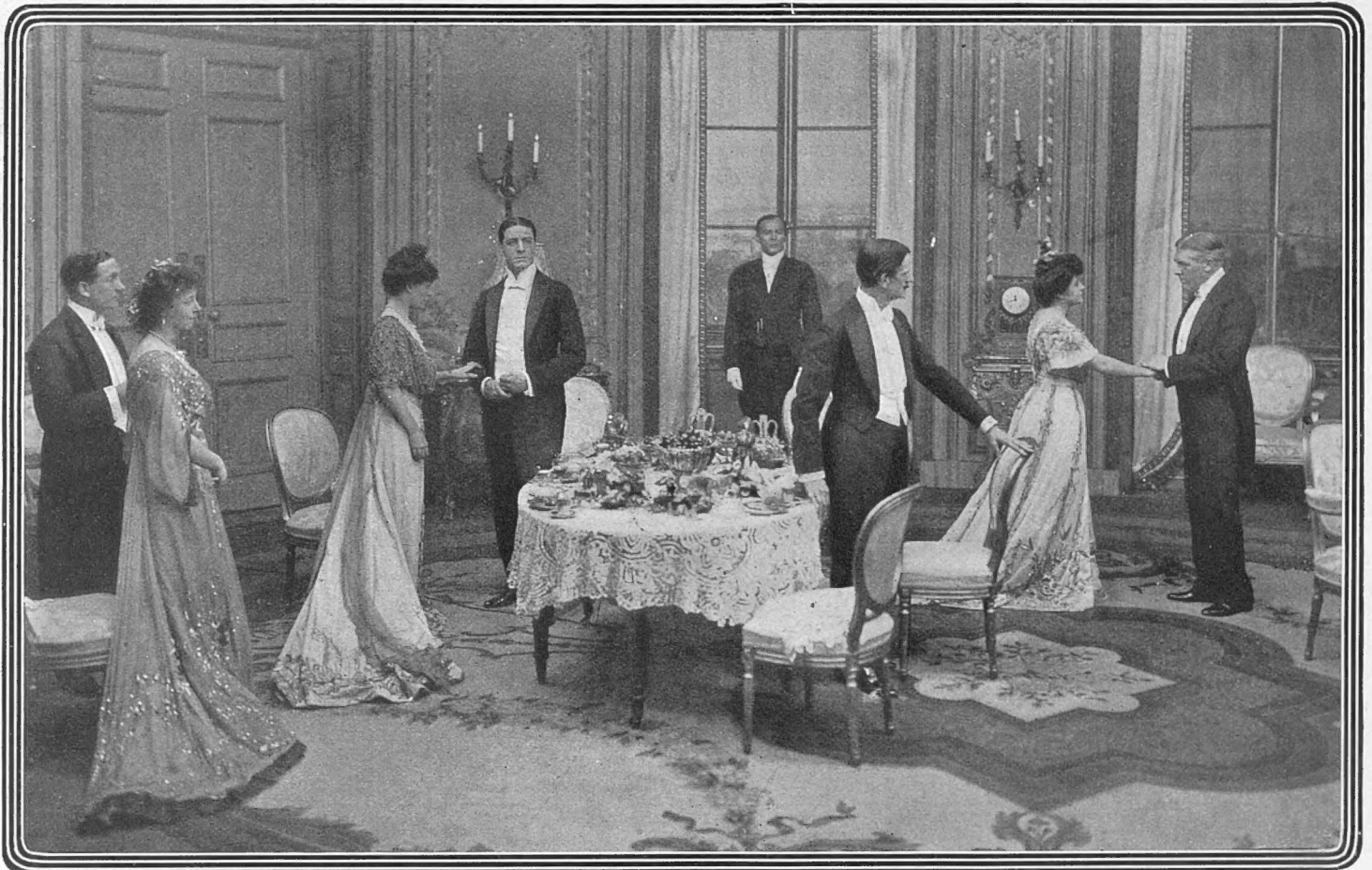


THE SUBJECT WITH PART OF HIS BEARD REMOVED BY THE POWDER AND THE COMB.

A demonstration of razorless shaving was given last week at the Cannon Street Hotel. This was rendered possible by a paste made from the newly introduced Razorless Shaving-Powder. A lather of the powder is applied to the chin, and allowed to remain there for some ten minutes. Lather and hair are then removed together by means of such blunt-edged articles as a lady's-comb, a post-card, or a shoehorn. It is stated, as a matter of fact, that the mere application of a sponge would do the work of the razor. One of the subjects of the demonstration was the bearded gentleman whose portrait we here give. About half of his beard was duly removed. The paste, it may be noted, makes the beard so brittle that it can be broken off. Those who wear what Mr. Frank Richardson has called "face furniture" have now no excuse.



THE MOST STRIKING INCIDENTS IN "JOHN GLAYDE'S HONOUR,"  
AT THE ST. JAMES'S.—FIRST SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS.



Howard Collingham.  
(Mr. W. Graham Browne).

Princesse de Castagnary  
(Miss Henrietta Watson).

Trevor Lerode  
(Mr. Matheson Lang).

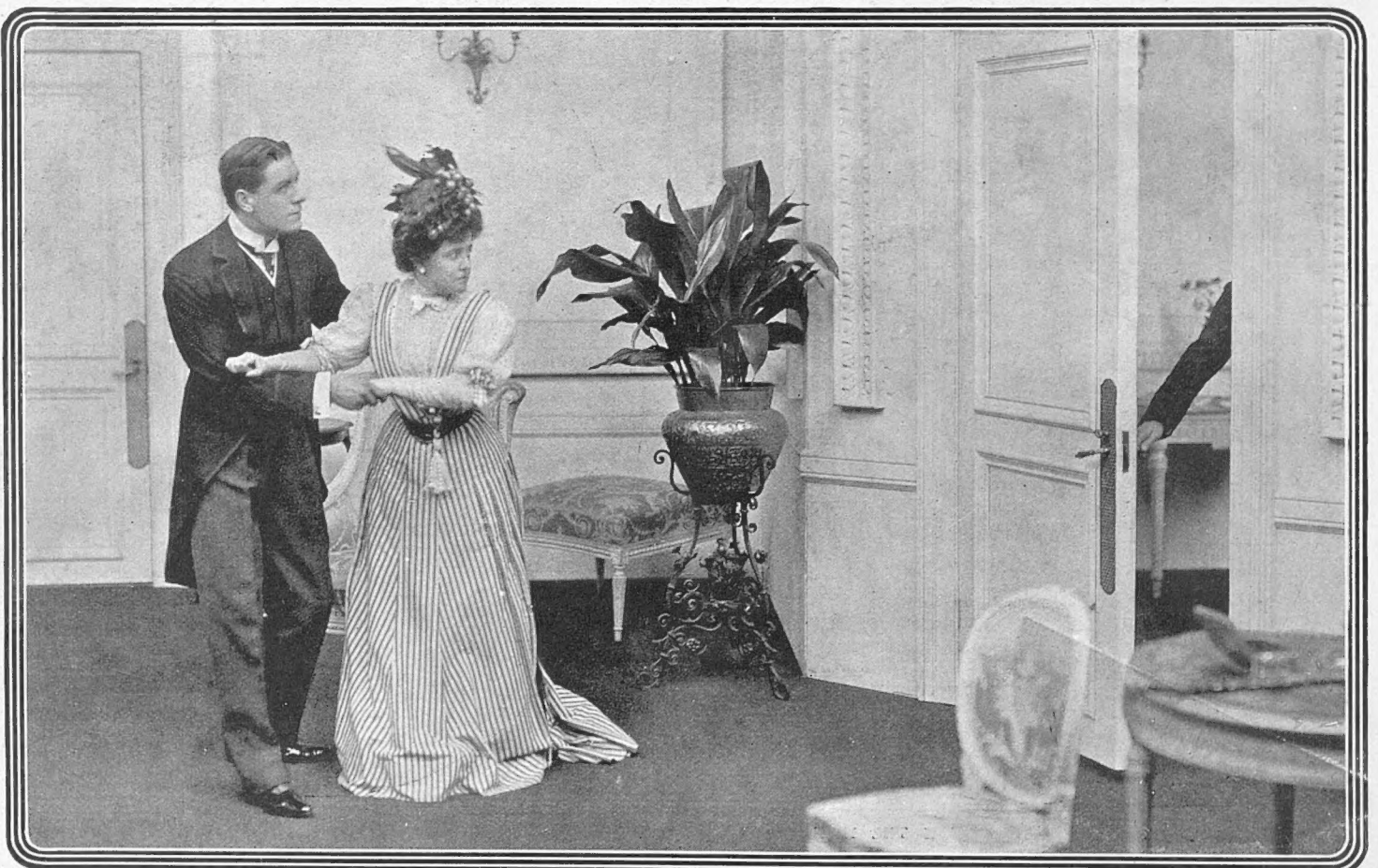
Christopher Branley  
(Mr. Norman Forbes).

Muriel Glayde  
(Miss Eva Moore).

John Glayde  
(Mr. George Alexander).

ACT I.—THE UNWELCOME RETURN.—JOHN GLAYDE, THE IRON KING, ARRIVES UNEXPECTEDLY FROM AMERICA, AND FINDS HIS WIFE ENTERTAINING TREVOR LERODE, AND OTHER FRIENDS.

John Glayde, the Iron King, seeks the dollar to such good effect that he loses the love of his wife. While he is in America, his wife is in Paris. She feels the need of companionship, and Trevor Lerode, a young artist, becomes her intimate friend. Lerode and others are dining with Muriel Glayde when John Glayde arrives in Paris unexpectedly. He gives the reason for his sudden return as a desire to see his wife, to pay her a surprise visit. In reality, he comes in answer to a mysterious telegram advising him to return at once if he would retain his wife and his own honour.—



Trevor Lerode (Mr. Matheson Lang). Muriel Glayde (Miss Eva Moore).

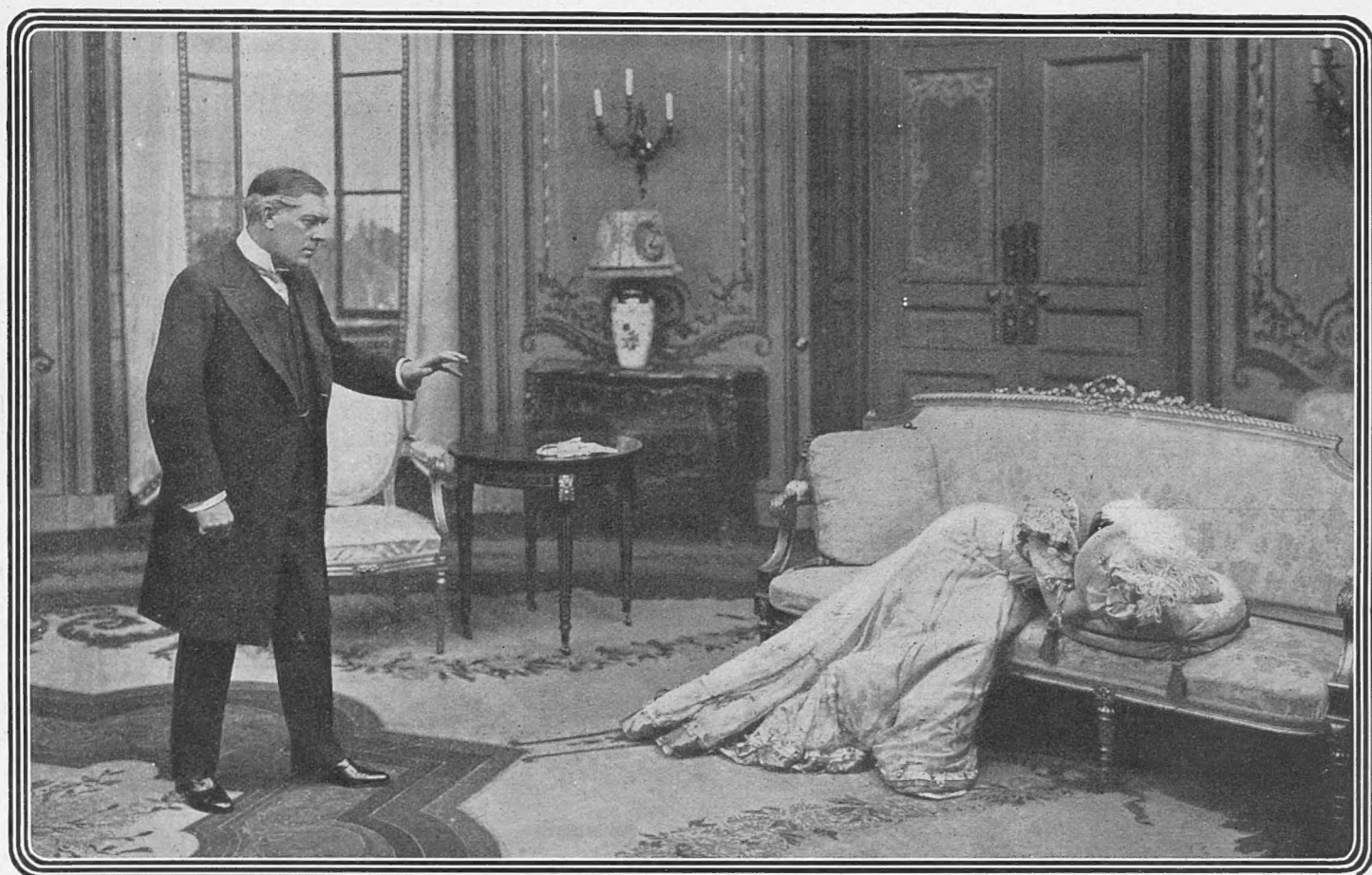
ACT II.—OVERHEARD.—MURIEL GLAYDE AND TREVOR LERODE, TELLING ONE ANOTHER OF THEIR LOVE IN JOHN GLAYDE'S SITTING-ROOM IN THE RITZ HOTEL, SEE A HAND CLOSING THE DOOR, AND FEAR FOR THEIR SECRET.

—Immediately he sets about proving the truth or the falseness of the story that has reached him. One by one he talks to those likely to help him, and little by little he learns of his wife's infatuation. He taxes her with loving Lerode. She lies to him, and deceives him. Then his suspicions are again aroused.—

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.



THE MOST STRIKING INCIDENTS IN "JOHN GLAYDE'S HONOUR,"  
AT THE ST. JAMES'S.—FIRST SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

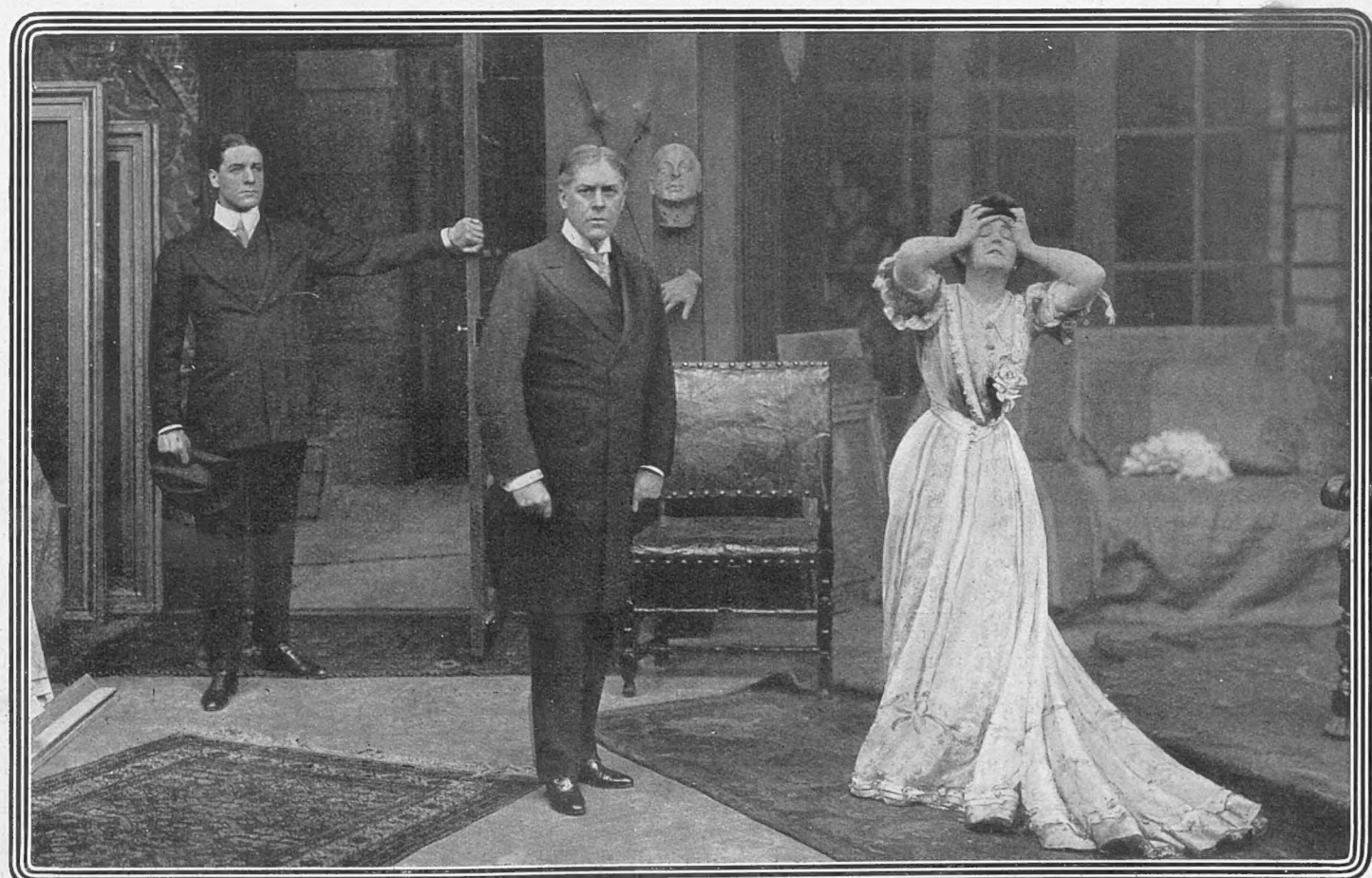


John Glayde (Mr. George Alexander).

Muriel Glayde (Miss Eva Moore).

ACT III.—DESPAIR AND DECEIT.—JOHN GLAYDE REALISES THAT, IN SEEKING DOLLARS, HE HAS LOST THE LOVE OF HIS WIFE, AND TELLS HER THAT THE GREATER BLAME IS HIS.

—He challenges her, is convinced of her love for the artist, and again seeks to prove his suspicions. His wife, realising that she cannot give him her love, arranges to elope with Lerode. Glayde discovers this, and goes to the artist's studio, in time to find the lovers on the point of leaving.—



Trevor Lerode (Mr. Matheson Lang).

John Glayde (Mr. George Alexander).

Muriel Glayde (Miss Eva Moore).

ACT IV.—RENUNCIATION AND REVENGE.—JOHN GLAYDE GOES TO TREVOR LERODE'S STUDIO, TO FIND THAT HIS WIFE LOVES THE ARTIST, AND TO GIVE HER TO HIS RIVAL, BIDDING HER LIE AND DECEIVE NO MORE.

—Again he appeals for his wife's love, but her attitude and her words alike show him that the appeal is useless, and in the end he renounces his claims and gives his wife to his rival, bidding her lie and deceive no more. It is this action that has caused so much controversy, many arguing that a man of John Glayde's strength of will would have killed Lerode as a dog kills a rat.

*Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.*



**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**

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ANNUAL SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL.  
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every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY 2.15, beginning Saturday next.

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EVERY EVENING at 8 (doors open 7.40), **THE NEW ALADDIN**.  
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**KNIGHTS WERE BOLD**. At 8.15, **THE BOATSWAIN'S MATE**. MAT. every SAT. at 2.30.  
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THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.  
THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN

OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS LOUISE, DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.  
THEIR SERENE AND ROYAL HIGHNESSES PRINCE AND PRINCESS

ALEXANDER OF TECK.

HER HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS VICTORIA OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.  
HER HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS LOUISE AUGUSTA OF SCHLESWIG-

HOLSTEIN.

THEIR SERENE HIGHNESSES THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF TECK.  
HIS SERENE HIGHNESS PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK.

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Mme. SUZANNE ADAMS.  
Mme. CLARA BUTT.  
Mme. ADA CROSSLEY.  
Miss FANNY DAVIES.  
Mr. JOHN COATES.

Mr. BEN DAVIES.  
Herr FRITZ KREISLER.  
M. EDOUARD DE REZKE.  
Mr. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.  
Mr. W. H. SQUIRE.  
Mr. SANTLEY.

The LONDON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.

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**The Pocket Ruskin.** Chosen by Alfred H.  
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EFFINGHAM WILSON.  
**Manual of Argentine Railways for 1907.**  
Compiled by Stephen H. M. Killik 2s. 6d.  
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WARD, LOCK, AND CO.  
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**The History, Law, and Practice of the  
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**The Whole Art of Caravanning.** Bertram  
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BURLEIGH.  
**Castles in Spain** Constance Farmer. 2s.  
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**Rhymes and Vanities.** Dermot Freyer.  
1s. net.

BLACKWOOD.  
**Blind Mouths.** Beth Ellis. 6s.  
**Romola** George Eliot. 3s. 6d. net.

THE

**ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS**

APRIL 27.

**THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON**

SCENES FROM "JOHN GLAYDE'S HONOUR."

**EXPECTANT MADRID: SKETCHES BY  
OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.**

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.*

*Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full  
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of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on  
each photograph or drawing.*

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PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.

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April 24, 1907.

Signature.....



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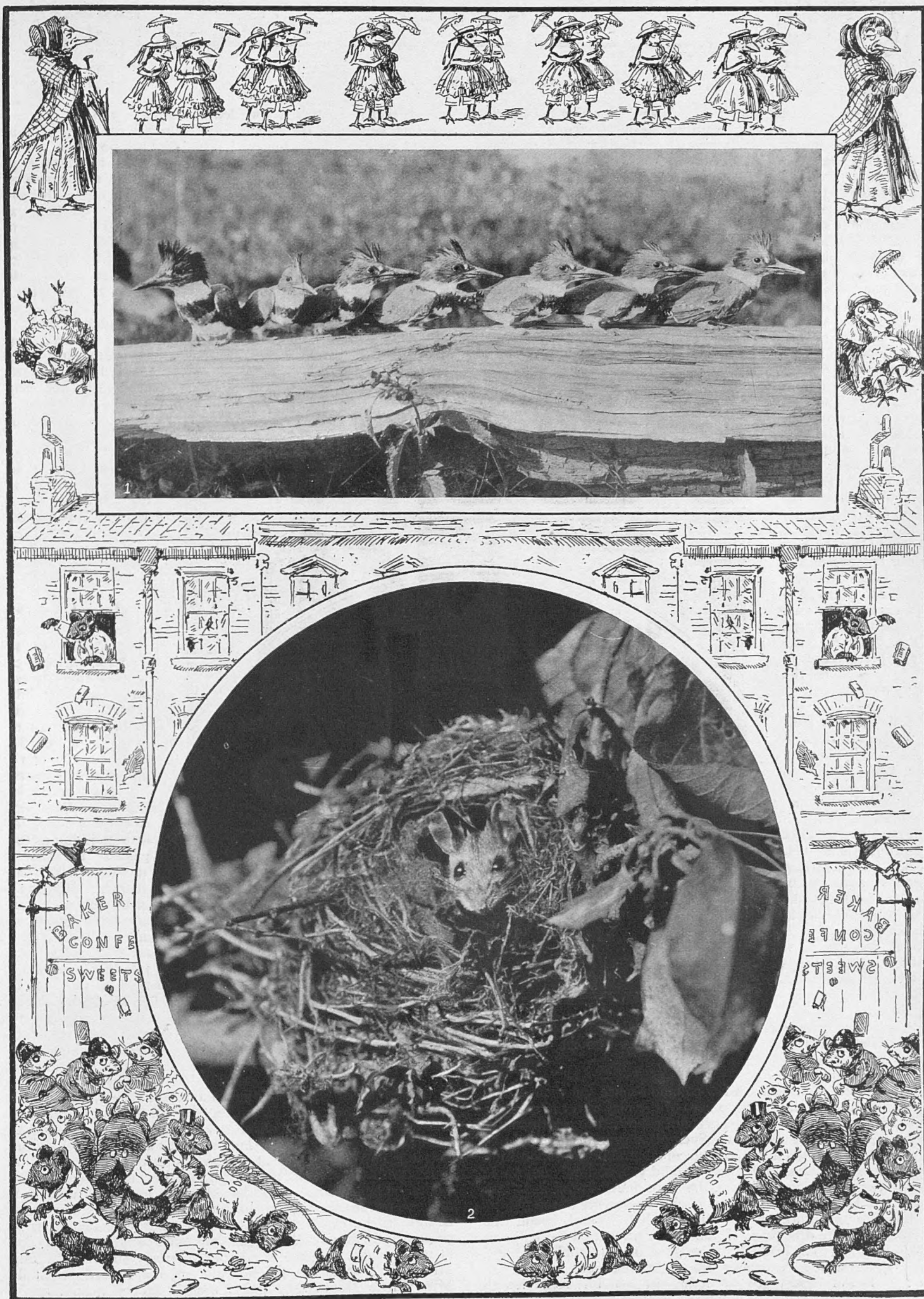


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# STUDIES OF HUMAN EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS.

## IX.—YOUTHFUL INNOCENTS, AND AN INTRUDER.



1. THE BABY PARADE.  
Young kingfishers out for a walk.

2. THE MAN IN POSSESSION.  
A white-footed mouse has roofed and lined an old robin's nest and turned it into a winter residence.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"THE LIARS"—"CLANCARTY"—"TOM JONES."

SOME have suggested that "The Liars," in which Sir Charles Wyndham made a very welcome reappearance at his old home, has grown old-fashioned. Possibly it is a little time-soiled at the edges, but when compared with the latest play on a similar theme, "The Truth," it is almost startlingly modern. For Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's grasp of character is so much firmer than that of Mr. Clyde Fitch, and his sense of proportion so much surer, that the older comedy still seems brilliant when compared with the newer. It offers Sir Charles one of his best parts, of which he takes advantage admirably, and plays with as much force and fire as when the play was given originally. Lady Jessica is not one of Miss Mary Moore's triumphs, because there are aspects of the little woman who fascinates such a man as Edward Faulkner that she shirks, or has never discovered; but some scenes suit her exactly, and she triumphs in them. Mr. Thalberg Corbett has a very difficult task in Faulkner, which he accomplishes remarkably well. Mr. Sam Sothern's Freddie was one of the hits of the evening, and Mr. Henry Kemble caused much laughter as Coke, though the drier humour of Mr. Alfred Bishop was preferable. Mr. Eille Norwood was well chosen to represent the brutal husband. There are plenty of pretty ladies in gorgeous gowns for the rest of the cast.

"Clancarty" is amiably referred to as a "sterling old play," a phrase which seems to acknowledge the existence of some quality that defies analysis. If it had been brand-new and not thirty-three years old, and even if the surviving soliloquies and monologues had been cut, the critics probably would have called it old-fashioned instead of "sterling." It is old-fashioned, but so in spirit are nearly all the ordinary "romantic dramas" of the last ten years—old-fashioned because the modern tendency to aim at truth and common-sense is not visible in them. A few common-sense questions would demolish the story of the Jacobite hero of the play with the sub-title of "Wedded and Wooed"; but one is not supposed to ask them, for the characters are in fancy-dress. Such plays generally remind one of a costume ball, which is only acceptable on the supposition that you leave your sense of humour behind you, and only enjoyable if you bring it with you. To me, the "continued-in-our-next" air and the utter lack of likelihood, taken with the gravity of the players and the immense sincerity of Miss Evelyn Millard, made the entertainment quite diverting. I am not hinting that the lady was at all ridiculous; far from it. She gave an admirable, earnest, pathetic performance in exactly the right vein, and moved the house: it is the best piece of acting by her for some length of time. No doubt, plenty of playgoers take such works seriously—they do not think, they do not want to think, they refuse to think about the inherent absurdity; probably, on the other hand, they do not care twopence about the note on the programme

stating that the drama is founded on fact—perverted. Give them exciting situations (of which there were not too many), scenes of violent emotion, and popular players—they ask no more. Why one of these works succeeds and another fails is often a puzzle to me. Apparently "Clancarty" will be one of the successes, and Mr. Lewis Waller, after slightly touching up his brogue, will speak it for the rest of the season, and be, as usual, the dashing, gallant, irresistible person whom he has presented under numerous names and differently shaped hats. Mr. William Mackintosh delighted many by his William III., a most elaborate and, to me, ridiculous affair. There are numbers of playgoers who see nothing in the maxim that art should conceal artifice; they like to have a lot of obvious acting, and Mr. Mackintosh gives it to them. Miss Leonora Braham plays capitally an old woman part, and Miss Adrienne Augarde acted charmingly, if a little too emphatically, as Lady Betty. The other parts seem too wooden for the players, some of whose names are warranty that they were not too wooden for the parts; but Mr. Jarman deserves a word of praise for his Scum Goodman.

To pretend that "Tom Jones," at the Apollo, suggests the great work of Fielding—one of the longest, fullest novels in our tongue—would be absurd. Indeed, the relation of the play to the novel is about that of the confectioner's cake figure of the Venus of Milo to the glorious statue. Moreover, the story at the Apollo is a little puzzling as to what passed between Tom and the wicked lady of quality. Still, the book gives excuse for an agreeable mounting and an opportunity for some actable scenes; it even provides one real character—that of Squire Western—in which Mr. Ambrose Manning acted with much broad humour. What a pity that the part of Partridge, which might have been comic,

is treated as a piece of knockabout clowning, which, though clever in its way, was as unsuitable in the comic opera as an onion in a dish of strawberries and cream. The music would make amends for a weaker book. Mr. German's work is quite delightful—rich in gaiety and movement, in novel, pretty tunes and quaint little touches of humour, and, above all, in a freshness very rare in such works. The audience would have liked to hear every number twice, and several, several times. Fortunately the singing was excellent, as well in the case of chorus and secondary characters as in the principals. Miss Ruth Vincent sang quite delightfully; by-the-bye, is not her last costume somewhat matronly in style for Sophia? Mr. Coffin's voice was in excellent order and used very tellingly. Miss Carrie Moore sang gaily, archly, danced neatly, and acted brightly. Mr. Manning gave a song with spirit. Altogether "Tom Jones" is one of the brightest, freshest musical-dramatic works presented for a long time, and, putting aside one matter already referred to, really belongs to comic opera.



THE REVIVAL OF "THE LIARS" AT THE CRITERION: MISS MARY MOORE AS LADY JESSICA NEPEAN AND SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM AS SIR CHRISTOPHER DEERING.

Photograph by Ellis and Walery.



## THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS: MR. TREE AND COMPANY IN BERLIN.

SOME UNCONVENTIONAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



1. MR. TREE AND HIS MOTHER TALKING TO MR. HENRY NEVILLE.

3. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER INTERVIEWING A CABMAN.

5. MR. CECIL KING, STAGE-MANAGER TO MR. TREE, INSTRUCTING GERMAN SOLDIERS WHO ACTED AS SUPERS.

7. MR. LYN HARDING AND MR. BASIL GILL REHRARSING THEIR HORSES FOR THE TOURNAMENT IN "RICHARD II."

2. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER SEEKING INFORMATION.

4. DRILLING GERMAN CHILDREN WHO APPEARED IN MR. TREE'S PRODUCTION OF "TWELFTH NIGHT."

6. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AND HER HUSBAND, MR. JULIAN L'ESTRANGE, SHOPPING IN BERLIN.

8. MR. TREE AND HIS DAUGHTER, MISS VIOLA TREE, SHOPPING (AND INCIDENTALLY OBJECTS OF CURIOSITY TO PASSERS-BY).

Mr. Tree's short season in Berlin came to an end on Friday morning of last week, when the famous actor and his company left by special train. On Monday His Majesty's Theatre reopened with "The Tempest," the first of the series of Shakespearean performances that are being given this Festival week. In connection with our photograph of the rehearsing of the horses for "Richard II.," it may be noted that the Kaiser particularly complimented Mr. Lyn Harding on his horsemanship.—[Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.]



SMALL  
TALK

THE BRIDEGROOM OF THE WEEK:  
THE HON. DUDLEY GORDON, SON  
OF LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.

Mr. Gordon is the second son of Lord Aberdeen, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and Lady Aberdeen, and is a Captain in the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders. He was born on May 6, 1883. He was not sent to a public school, and, with his brother, Mr. Archie Gordon, served an apprenticeship in an Aberdeen shipbuilding yard.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

have a curious link with the Vatican, owing to the fact that the last of the Stuarts—he who after the death of his elder brother was regarded by all the adherents of the old order as true King of England—was a member of the Sacred College, and for long known under the title of Cardinal York.

*This Week's  
Bridegroom.* Mr. Dudley  
Gordon, who  
to-morrow

weds Miss Cecile Drummond at St. George's, Hanover Square, has as a second name that of Gladstone, thus perpetuating the close friendship which bound his parents to the G.O.M. Like all Lord Aberdeen's children, the bridegroom of the week was brought up in a thoroughly unconventional fashion; he was never sent to a public school, and among other experiences was apprenticed, together with his brother,

Mr. Archie Gordon—who will, by the way, be his best man—to an Aberdeen shipbuilding yard. His later career was more conventional; he now holds a Captaincy in the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders, and he is also attached to his father's Viceregal Staff in Ireland.

The new Lord Allendale takes his place among Peer millionaires, for it is estimated that he inherits from his late father some two-and-a-half millions sterling. The late Peer left nearly a million more; but that was distributed by his will among his other children and grandchildren. Even as it is, the

second Lord Allendale is able to walk thirty miles in a straight line over his own ground, and it is well that so immense a fortune should have come into the hands of so capable and shrewd an administrator as he who is still remembered as that hard-working M.P., Mr. Wentworth Beaumont.

*Little Miss  
Lawrence.*

Our popular actors and actresses are blessed with pretty and clever children. Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Irving's little ones are said to be perfect prodigies of cleverness and learning; Mr. Esmond's little boy is regarded by his father's friends as a future Garrick; and little Miss Lawrence is a delightful replica of



MISS LAWRENCE, DAUGHTER OF  
MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE (MRS.  
GERALD LAWRENCE).



MISS SYLVIA FLETCHER-MOULTON,  
DAUGHTER OF LORD JUSTICE  
FLETCHER-MOULTON.

A DAUGHTER OF THE STAGE AND A DAUGHTER OF THE BENCH.

Photographs by Stéphanie Maud.

*A Daughter  
of the Bench.*

Sir John Fletcher-Moulton, most acute of great lawyers, has one weak spot in his armour—that is his little daughter Sylvia, who may without indiscretion be entitled the child of his middle age, for Sir John's second marriage took place some five or six years ago. Miss Sylvia Fletcher-Moulton is as like her distinguished father as a little child can be to a grown-up man, and even as an infant she was said to have inherited many of his mannerisms when in Court!

*A Military  
Bridal.*

All the gallant soldiers, rank-and-file, who went through the siege of Ladysmith, are interested in the approaching marriage of Captain White, the son of Sir George White, and Miss Moseley. If like father like son holds good in affairs matrimonial, Captain White's fiancée is to be congratulated, for the famous General is in every sense of the word an ideal husband. He and Lady White have had a joint existence only chequered by the many hair-breadth escapes Sir George has experienced.



TO MARRY THE SON OF SIR GEORGE WHITE:  
MISS MOSELEY, ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN WHITE

Photograph by Harrison.



INHERITOR OF A GREAT NAME AND A GREAT  
FORTUNE: LORD ALLENDALE.

Photograph by Dickinson.



THE VERGER WHOSE FACE AT-  
TRACTS PEOPLE TO CHURCH: MR.  
CHARLES JONES.

Mr. Jones is an umbrella-manufacturer, and is verger of St. George's Church, Brentford. At a recent vestry, a vestryman said: "Our verger's face attracts many people to the church. I have seen people look at the church, hesitate, and then, when they have seen our verger's face at the door, they have gone in."

Photograph by R. Green.

her pretty mother, who is known to the wide playgoing public as Miss Lilian Braithwaite. It will be interesting to see whether any of these young people "born in the buskin" will end by going on the stage. Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, prime favourites of a former generation, never allowed their sons and daughters to see them act; the modern actor and actress is not so cruel, and a charming example of heredity is seen in the person of Miss Viola Tree.





## OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



A BEAUTY IN BLINKERS! A RUSSIAN LADY WEARING A KOKOCHNICK.

When the kokochnick was in fashion it was worn by rich and poor alike, varying in richness of ornament only, according to the rank and wealth of the wearer. It is now seen but occasionally, and in only a few districts. The example here shown, which is one of the collection of fifty or so belonging to Princess Tenicheff, is embroidered with pearls, has a net of pearls, is studded with sapphires, and comes from Northern Russia. Kokochnicks of the type illustrated are worn only by married women.





HOSTESS OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES DURING THE ROYAL VISIT TO GLASGOW: LADY BLYTHSWOOD.

*Photograph by Macdure, Macdonald, and Co.*

from mining property; and he is one of those great Peers who spend their fortunes well and wisely. Blythswood has entertained many a royal visitor, including Queen Victoria, whose visit to the then Sir Archibald and Lady Campbell was quite an event, for her late Majesty rarely honoured a subject by sojourning under his roof. King Edward and Queen Alexandra were also among Lord Blythswood's royal guests before Lord Salisbury gave him his peerage; and a further link with the

royal family is the fact that the royal hostess of the week is a sister of Lord Carrington.

*Connected with the Court.*

Lady Victoria Dawnay and her Maid-of-Honour daughter, the Hon. Margaret Dawnay, may be said to be doubly and trebly connected with our royal family and the Court world. Lady Victoria is a sister of

one time a partner of Cecil Rhodes. As Miss Evelyn Rudd, the new head of English society in Egypt was regarded as an original and exceptionally clever girl; when her father married a second time he allowed his daughter to have a house of her own, and she soon took a marked place among the popular young spinsters in Society. Since her marriage to Sir Eldon Gorst she has naturally seen a wider world.

*Lady Nunburnholme.*

The mistress of Warter Priory and of one of the most sumptuous of Riviera villas is still better known under her former name of Mrs. Charles Wilson. This twentieth-century Peeress is a connection of the Duke of Wellington, and

favourably known in the great world for her unaffected charm of manner. Lady Nunburnholme will go down in social history as the mother of the loveliest group of

sisters seen in late Victorian society; and much of their beauty they inherited from their mother, who is also the happy possessor of much social

tact and cleverness. Warter Priory, where Lady Nunburnholme entertains great shooting house-parties each autumn, once belonged to Lord Muncaster. It is full of beautiful objects of art collected by its owners, including Lady Nunburnholme's valuable collection of old china, to which she is always adding.

*The New Queen of Aldershot.*

Aldershot is to be congratulated on the appointment of General Smith-Dorrien, for that most popular and lucky of soldiers is very fortunate in his character of Benedick. Mrs. Smith-Dorrien—who, as wife of the Adjutant-General to the Forces, is, of course, chief hostess, and, indeed, uncrowned queen, of Aldershot—is one of the younger military hostesses, for her marriage took place only five years ago. The only daughter of Colonel Schneider, of Furness Abbey, Barrow-in-Furness, her marriage to the even then famous officer excited much interest in the North of England, and a representative gathering of bronzed and war-worn veterans graced the ceremony.

MOTHER OF THE BEAUTIFUL WILSON SISTERS: LADY NUNBURNHOLME.

*Photograph by Langflier.*



A PRETTY MAID-OF-HONOUR: THE HON. MARGARET DAWNAY.

*Photograph by Harrison.*



THE NEW "QUEEN" OF ALDERSHOT: MRS. SMITH-DORRIEN.

*Photograph by Keturah Collings.*



WIFE OF THE NEW BRITISH AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT: LADY GORST.

*Photograph by the Canadian Studio.*

*Lady Cromer's Successor.*

Cairo society will welcome with great curiosity and interest Lady Gorst, to whom will now fall the many far from easy social duties so admirably performed by the Countess of Cromer. Lady Gorst is by birth a Colonial dame, for she is the daughter, by his first wife, of Mr. C. B. Rudd, the famous South African financier, who was at



CONNECTED WITH THE COURT: LADY VICTORIA DAWNAY.

*Photograph by Harrison.*



A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF A DUAL IDENTITY.



MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD AS DR. JEKYLL AND AS MR. HYDE

IN THE STAGE VERSION OF R. L. STEVENSON'S WEIRD ROMANCE.

Mr. Richard Mansfield, whose serious illness was reported from America recently, played the dual rôle of Jekyll and Hyde in this country at the Globe Theatre. In his earlier days he was known here as a singer and entertainer, and appeared as Sir Joseph Porter in "H.M.S. Pinafore" on tour. Those who know their Stevenson will not need reminding that the upright figure in our photograph shows Dr. Jekyll; the crouching figure, Hyde.—[*Photograph by Langier*]





BY ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**Men of Mark.**

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's visit to this country has led to the re-telling of a neat retort of his upon a portly rival, who accused the slim and dapper Canadian Premier of "fattening on the sweat of the people." The ample accuser happened to be a large employer of labour, and Sir Wilfrid, answering the taunt, remarked: "I leave it to the House to decide which of us is the more exposed to that charge." This is not unlike a variant of a grim joke of the late Lord Salisbury. Having received, immediately after the Phoenix Park murders, a letter from the Chief Constable of Hertfordshire, warning him that Fenians had threatened to assassinate him (Lord Salisbury) and Mr. W. H. Smith, he sent on the communication to the last-named with this covering note: "The enclosed may interest you. I am afraid that I am, in point of superficialities, the bigger mark of the two."

**Thackeray's Fifth Potato.**

If Lord Rosebery's dictum holds good, that a dinner lubricates the wheels of public business, the Colonial Conference should be a huge success, for the tide of feasts, which General De Wet so feared, still flows merrily on. There is, of course, another side to the question. Some men are horribly disappointing at table; the prettiest ideal may fall to pieces during the period in which a hungry hero noisily cram himself. Bating the noise, but not the cramming, Thackeray almost broke the heart of a silent worshipper in Charlotte Brontë, when first they met at table. "Behold a lion cometh out of the north," she quoted, as he entered the drawing-room, while he, as one of his biographers tells us, was feeling nothing but a poor but ravenous specimen of an Englishman. At dinner she was placed, by her own request, opposite Thackeray. "And I had," he said, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappear down my throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it. At last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly, 'Oh, Mr. Thackeray, don't!'" Let Colonial Premiers beware of that fifth potato.

**East and West.**

The host of cosmopolitan company must have genius, or his banquet will bring him misery and his guests despair. When the late Shah was at Hatfield he wiped his fingers on the coat-tails of the man next him at dinner. When, at Marlborough House, he flung his asparagus stumps over his shoulder, his host, the present King Edward, with all his company, immediately followed suit, to the lasting disgust of the attendants. Lord Rosebery entertained a guest who was badly "had" over an iced pudding. When the startled one called his host's attention to the condition of the pudding, Lord Rosebery "believed that they had frozen it on purpose."

"Going, Going—" Everything which comes to the hands of the auctioneer represents, or is hoped to represent, so many bids, whether the object be a portion of the British Fleet, a lighthouse or two, Snowdon, Killarney, or the ropes of a hangman gone out of business. To-morrow it is the Coliseum which, like the effects of the Aquarium and the Lyceum itself, comes under the hammer. "A fascinating young lady"—American, it need hardly be said—was up for auction six months ago, and commanded a better price than was forthcoming for Lord Rosebery, who was disposed of at Glasgow for five shillings. Happily, the statesman was only in wax. Somebody got a castle in Wales at as cheap a rate, but, on coming to settle up, found that he had bought the wrong lot. When such queer lots come up, it is as well to be on the watch, for there is such a thing as having to take unwanted purchases. In the Chancery Court not long ago a man regretfully told how a lot had been knocked down to him for £4500, and he no more wanted it than he wanted the moon. But he had to abide by his bid, and pay £400 costs.

"Gone!" The error at an auction does not always lie with the bidder; the vendor sometimes puts into the sale more than he would willingly let go. Such was the case at the Aberdeen sale at which the bust of Peel came up. The then Sir Robert Peel would brook no opposition; he meant to have it at any cost. And he did have it. But the post-bidding

contest was worse than the competition with the auctioneer as presiding officer. "I am sorry that there has been a mistake; you can't have that," said Aberdeen. "The bust was sold by mistake; pray let me have it back." Sir Robert would not hear of it. He had bid and bought, and now sat guard over his treasure, what time a hand-cart was fetched. This having come, he popped the bust in it, and himself wheeled it off in triumph to Whitehall Gardens.

**An Awkward Question.**

Should the King and Queen visit Scotland while the remembrance of their stay in Rome is still fresh in the recollection of their Highland retainers, there may be funny questions for her Majesty to answer. The good old bodies seem to save up for the Queen the sort of question which they always had ready for Queen Victoria and other members of the royal family who used in those days to accompany her to her Scottish home. It was an illustrious person who informed one of these good old souls of a recent visit to Rome, where the Pope had been interviewed. "The Pope of Rome!" was the answer. "Honest man! Has he any family?"



Photo, F. F. Stein.

BRUIN AS A LINEMAN: A TRAINED BEAR CLIMBING A TELEGRAPH POLE.



Photo Halfpence.

THE LOVING-CUP: FEEDING A BABY PIG THROUGH A HORN IN CANADA.

“THE SKETCH” THEORY OF THE DESCENT OF MAN.

DRAWN AND EVOLVED BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.



STAGE V.—THE CHILLITHERIUM.

Found in the Old Silkstone and Coal Seams of Newcastle (Glacial Period).





# HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



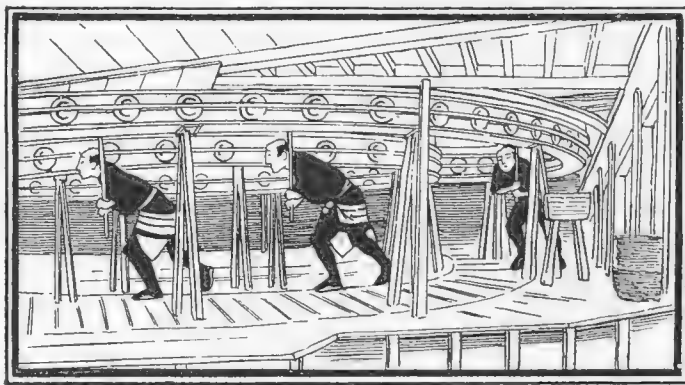
THE production of "Love's Labour's Lost" as the special "birthday play" at the Stratford Festival marks the end of the series of plays to be done at the Memorial Theatre. They have all been given now except "All's Well That Ends Well," "Titus Andronicus," and "Troilus and Cressida," and these will not be done. The production also serves to emphasise the fact that what Mr. Bernard Shaw once called "a very Bedford Park sort of play" is very rarely acted. The last occasion on which it was given in Stratford was some twenty-three years ago, when a special presentation of it was made by Miss Alleyn, an actress at one time well known to provincial audiences. In London, since the time it was produced at Sadler's Wells by Phelps, who played Don Armado, it has been acted only by the Dramatic Students' Society at a matinée at the St. James's, and by one of the leading amateur dramatic societies, though it has been given by Mr. Ben Greet among his pastorals.

As usual, this year's festival will be marked by the introduction of plays by dramatists other than Shakespeare. Notable among them will be Garrick's version of "The Country Wife." "The Oresteian Trilogy," which Mr. Benson did a year or two ago, will, however, find no part in the programme. On the occasion when it was first announced some members of the Stratford peasantry referred to it as the "Australian Tragedy"; and one of them wanted to know who this Æschylus was, for it was not a Warwickshire name. Contrary to what might be expected, there is still a certain objection to acting among the lower members of the community, even in Shakespeare's birthplace, where the actor is occasionally looked on in the same light as he was three centuries ago.

The exigencies of rehearsal at Stratford have on occasion compelled Mr. Benson to use the back rooms of certain of the local public-houses for the purpose. An old lady was asked one day whether she was going to any of the performances. "No," she replied, "I don't hold with play-acting and play-actors. They tell me that Mr. and Mrs. Benson and their company are different from most of them, but I know I saw them go into a public-house yesterday morning at ten o'clock, and they didn't come out again till four in the afternoon!"

Mrs. Madge Carr Cook, who is to play Mrs. Wiggs in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," has two claims to the consideration of London playgoers. She is an Englishwoman by birth, and the mother of Miss Eleanor Robson, who made so great a success at the Duke of York's Theatre in "Merely Mary Ann." Mrs. Cook began her stage career when she was only three,

appearing in a production of "Macbeth" at Sunderland, but shortly after she was taken to America, where she has lived ever since. Most members of the dramatic profession, fond as they are of motoring and skilled as they may be in driving, would probably be willing to yield the palm to her as a "chauffeuse" when they know that she is the only woman whom Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt junior has trusted at the wheel of his record-breaking Mercédès.



THE LIVING-PICTURE TURN-TABLE IN USE FOR STAGE PURPOSES IN JAPAN.

Our illustration, which is from a Japanese drawing, shows a hand-worked turn-table stage in Japan. The same principle has been used at Bayreuth, more particularly for the productions of "Parsifal." It has also done much to give the popular living pictures their success. It enables changes of scene to be made with remarkably little delay, as it is possible to set one scene while another is in use, and to bring it before the audience in a few moments.

for his people, of the sources of which he knew little or nothing, is also unquestioned. He was a 'voice.' Some unseen and hidden power seized upon him and sent him forth to 'prepare the way of the Lord.' The evils from which he declared the people were to be delivered were subsequently revealed to be of a spiritual kind and to include 'all the world,' but John preached and suffered and died believing himself to be a forerunner of national freedom from Roman bondage.

"With almost similar enthusiasm, and in very nearly the same mental attitude, Jeanne d'Arc accepted the commission of the Almighty to strike the chains of English bondage from the French nation. In both instances supernatural power urged on the victims of fanaticism, and in both instances a horrible death lay at the end of the journey. John preached a more definite faith, and assumed no personal control of future events; but he sternly moved forward toward what he believed to be first and foremost a national deliverance. In the case of the Maid of Orleans, the intervention of supernatural power took the form of heavenly endorsement for the accomplishment of the task in person. There was not about that task the same spiritual significance; but who knows how far Jeanne d'Arc conceived her spiritual mission to extend?"

"What the events subsequent to John's mission did for the moral and spiritual advancement of civilisation, the mission and work of Jeanne d'Arc, in a less visible degree, did for the civic and national history of Europe. It was the turning-point in the path of national life, though the full measure of influence that the Dauphin was exerted was not felt at the time."



Mrs. Wiggs (Mrs. Madge Carr Cook). Miss Hazy (Miss Louise Closser).

A PLAY THAT HAS BROUGHT £150,000 TO THE BOX-OFFICE: "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH," WHICH IS DUE FOR PRODUCTION AT TERRY'S TO-MORROW (THURSDAY).

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," the adaptation of the well-known novel by Kate Douglas Wiggin, has been played in America for some three-and-a-half years, and the company that is to appear here has netted £150,000 from it.

Photograph by Byron, New York.

ANOTHER "LIVING CRUSHED ONE."



THE FARE: Hi! Cabman, where are you driving to?

THE CABMAN (*who is not in sympathy with the vogue for motor-traction*): Bless yer life, Mum, I ain't drivin'. Keb-driving's a thing of the past.

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. SWINBURNE, if he collects the praisings, the dispraisings, and the overpraisings, that commemorated his seventieth birthday, will have a drawerful of cuttings. But there is one memorial of the youth which has had so much glory in its fading that has, we believe, escaped the leader-writer. Swinburne strayed into fiction for himself; "Love's Cross-Currents" caught him up. But it is less known or remembered that he strayed into the fiction of George Meredith. In the novel that first appeared as "Emilia in England," a flaming young poet with flaming hair, who is the rebel in the society in which he moves, writes ecstatic words of Emilia, the contralto. Nor need the author of "Poems and Ballads" blush for the prose of Emilia's poet. Thus he writes of her—"Imagine my glory in her!—she has become *half cat!* She moves softly, as if she loved everything she touched; making you throb to feel the little ball of her foot. Her eyes look steadily, like green jewels before the veil of an Egyptian temple. Positively, her eyes have grown green—or greenish! They were darkish hazel formerly, and talked more of milk-maids and chattering pastorals than a discerning master would have wished. Take credit for the change; and at least I don't blame you for the tender hollows under the eyes, sloping outward, just hinted. . . . Love's mark on her, so that men's hearts may faint to know that love is known to her and burn to read her history." It is colourably like, even without alliteration. But with alliteration, that hall-mark of sterling Swinburne, it would have been superfluous to change Swinburne's initials, "A. C.," into the rhyming "Tracy," or to have disguised "Swinburne" under "Runningbrook."

Tracy Runningbrook is still more himself when he has to deal with some critic of the Philistine camp. "Let the fellow bark till he froths at the mouth and scatters the virus of the beast among his filthy friends. I am mad-dog proof." That is the veritable language of Putney. Nor is the single invented line of Tracy's poetry unfamiliar—

Large eyes lit up by some imperial sin.

If geographies may be compiled from Mr. Thomas Hardy's Wessex sequence, Whistlerian squabbles squeezed out of "Trilby," a poet's picture found in "Emilia," a philosophy extracted from "Richard Feverel," why not recapture the opera that is outlined in "Vittoria"? Mr. Meredith himself gives the story in full, and some hundred and seventy lines of the actual libretto. But we confess that this resurrection would not be half so easy or so amiable a task as that which that true Meredithian of America, and a brother of the Countess of Yarmouth, Mr. Blair Thaw, accomplished. Sir Austin Feverell's note-books went to the making of a volume called "The Pilgrim's Scrip." Many of the baronet's aphorisms see the light in Mr. Meredith's pages, and these

Mr. Thaw collected and printed for his friends in a charming little book bearing the original title. By the way, is there copyright in the title of a book within a book? If there is not, how admirably "The Pilgrim's Scrip" would fit the next imitation of Mr. E. V. Lucas's "Open Road" anthology. Let the fifth be "The Pilgrim's Scrip"; the fiftieth might do worse than "Stepping Westward," that windy greeting that met a poet on his walking-tour.

Most women have one difficult question to answer in their lives; notable women, it seems, have many such. *Great Thoughts* has devised one of these, and Madame Sarah Grand and Miss Braddon have answered without a quaver of doubtfulness. Of all books Madame Sarah Grand would have preferred to write Emerson's "Essays" and Oliver Wendell Holmes's "Breakfast-Table" Series. Miss Braddon's greatest pride would have been in the authorship of "The Vicar of Wakefield," "for then I should know that in wit, humour, and pathos I was the greatest of English novelists," she writes. But what would have been Emerson's ambition, or Oliver Wendell Holmes's? Somewhere must be the author who of all books would be most satisfied with his own. Shakespeare, surely, would have named "Antony and Cleopatra" or "Lear"; and of Mr. Bernard Shaw's answer we need have no misgivings.

Not since Carlyle's cannon thundered have the horrors of a great city been so belaboured as in Maxim Gorky's account of New York—"The City of the Yellow Devil"—in the *Monthly Review*. For those to whom a town is always friendly, despite the disfiguration of sky-scrapers, and to whom it is given not to forget the sky because it shows pennon-wise, only between high walls, Maxim Gorky, "the Bitter One," reads unreasonably, so entirely is his pen the pen of invective. New York is evil, as all great towns are evil; but New York

is also admirable, as anyone who has observed the crowds of home-going work-girls hastening ferrywards may answer for. Neither London nor Paris—no, nor the provincial centres of France and England can boast so decorous a throng. But New York is nightmare for Maxim Gorky, who had at an hotel there an experience that was not solitary, and who seeks to drown the memories of two in a black stream of ink.

Mr. James Gillet, the "Truthful James" of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinees," has died in California. Of course, he is immortal, becoming so by the very simple act of a mining partnership with the author of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." But Bret Harte could delve into human hearts more successfully than ever he could into the earth; and, in this sense, the mining partnership was decidedly one-sided. The amends are now made, and James Gillet cannot really cease to be.

M. E.



"THE NEARER THE BONE, THE SWEETER THE MEAT."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

GRAVITATION — STILL A LAW.



THE PASSER-BY: 'Ulo, Jim. You've got a noo job, then?  
THE DOOR-KEEPER (*an ex-policeman, vide boots*): Yes, and a good 'un, too.  
THE PASSER-BY: Ah, you allus falls on yer feet, you does.

DRAWN BY H. M. BROCK.



# TWO NOVELS IN A NUTSHELL.

## DE MORTUIS.

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

HE sat down at Emily's desk to go through her papers. Now that the house was sold, the servants dismissed, and he himself back in bachelor quarters, there was no excuse for putting the thing off. And if Emily had known a month ago, he could not help thinking as he opened the drawers, that she was to be killed in a railway accident, she could hardly have made his task easier. Neat little bundles, tied up with pink tape and clearly labelled, proclaimed her various activities: "Mothers' Union," "Soup Kitchen," "Sunday School," "Book Club"—how the names recalled Emily herself. A swift pang of compunction seized him. Was it possible, then, that after only a month her image was fading from his mind? He continued absently to empty drawers and pigeon-holes. More neat packages, half-a-dozen unanswered letters, and a few notebooks—that was all. . . . Yes, undoubtedly Emily was already becoming to him something shadowy and vague. How was it? Rather guiltily he tried to avoid the unexplored deeps of his mind, but the moment of self-revelation was no longer to be postponed. He had been shocked, unnerved, horrified by the sudden tragedy; but underneath all that, could he deny the existence of a shameful undercurrent of feeling, a persistent, ever-growing joy in freedom regained? And yet, what a good wife she had been: how practical, careful of his interests, unexact. In a thousand ways, large and small, he would be the loser. A good wife, but—yes, that was surely it—she had never conquered, never even entered the kingdom of his mind. And where she had never entered could she ever be missed? Once in that kingdom there had dwelt indeed a woman, but she was not Emily.

He turned with an impatient sigh. In the doorway stood Alison. . . .

Of course, it was a dream, but he was conscious of a certain admiration of himself as dreamer. He had remembered to make her look older—oh, quite five years older.

"Poor Mark!" she said softly.

He started. Then it was not a dream?

"I have only just heard," she explained gently. "We've been in town for a day or two, and Mrs. Heriotson has just told me about—Emily. I asked her for your address, and came straight on." She held out her hands in eager sympathy. He felt her fingers cold beneath her gloves. Quite naturally he unbuttoned and drew them off, as though they had never parted in bitter silence more than five years ago.

"You must get warm," he said gently, and led her to the fire.

"Do you think," Alison asked tremulously, "that—she suffered much?"

He shook his head. "Not at all; the doctors said it must have been instantaneous."

Alison nodded in swift relief. "Ah, I'm glad. But—oh, it's hard to realise! We were just the same age, and twenty-four is so young to die, and we used to be—to see so much of each other."

Why had she stopped short of the word "friends"? he wondered.

"And to die like that!" she murmured.

He thought he could guess what she meant. "There was nothing—nothing—" he began. He wanted to explain that death had spared Emily the last indignity of being revolting in its form, but he could find no words.

She nodded in swift comprehension. "Yes, yes, I know what you mean. It would have been awful—that."

He looked up with a grateful thrill. Emily had never understood a half-finished sentence.

"You were going through her papers?" Alison asked, glancing at the open desk.

"Yes."

She leaned forward with sudden eagerness. "What is that?" "Which?"

She rose and picked up one of the note-books. "Ah, it is!" she said, and began to turn the pages.

"Alison!"

She looked up in quick defiance. "It's my own," she said.

"Your own?"

"Yes; my diary that I lost five and a half years ago."

The bewilderment in his face was not to be mistaken.

"You didn't take it?" she asked slowly.

"I? Alison, you can't seriously think I did that?"

She was silent, but they read the same thought in each other's eyes.

"Then it must have been——" He stopped. Why say what was obvious? And Alison's gesture was eloquent. Emily was dead.

She frowned thoughtfully. "Then you haven't known, Mark, all these years; what was in my diary?"

He shook his head.

She looked at him in grave wonder. "Then what made you change to me?"

He bit his lip. Did she think that five years could heal such wounds?

"Have you forgotten?" he asked.

"I never knew," she said steadily. "I saw that you grew cold; I knew you had ceased to love me. Could the reason why have comforted me?"

"I thought you must have guessed," he murmured.

"Oh, I guessed and guessed. And I decided that you had considered yourself entitled to read my diary——"

"Alison!"

"And to be offended by its contents. But that, you say, was a wrong guess."

"Yes."

"Then——"

"Alison, did you never treat me to my face as though you liked me—when we were alone—and behind my back make fun of me, caricature me, criticise my clothes, my walk, my way of speaking and laughing?" He spoke with quiet bitterness.

She nodded emphatically. "Often. Most of it's in the diary."

"Must I repeat that I know nothing of the diary? I—heard."

"You heard?" Her look was questioning. "I think you ought to tell me something, if only one thing, that you heard."

He was silent.

"It's only fair," she urged.

He looked up desperately. "Well, didn't you, for instance, say that I reminded you of Matthew Arnold's definition of the Athanasian Creed—'Learned science, with a strong dash of temper'?"

She laughed a little. "I'd forgotten, but I do believe I did." She turned the leaves of the diary rapidly. "Yes, here it is: 'March 18.—Emily resumed cross-examination. Wanted to know if I didn't consider his scientific learning colossal, unparalleled, etc. Quoted Arnold on the Athanasian Creed to her. Shock satisfactory.'"

He was looking at her with startled eyes. "The date," he breathed; "what date did you say?"

She referred to the diary. "March 18."

"But—that was before we were engaged."

"Oh, yes."

"But—Emily——"

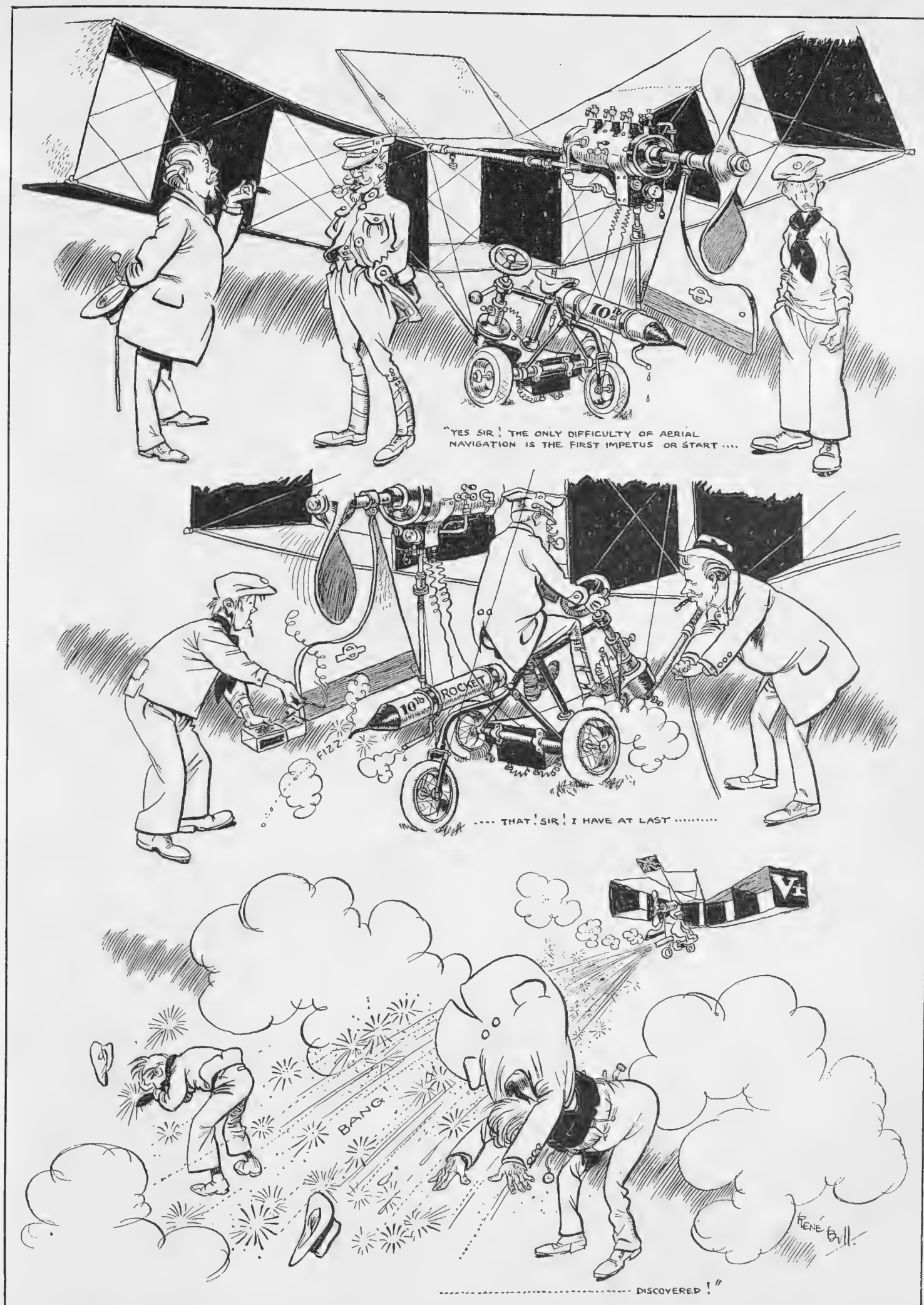
"Ah, I sometimes thought——"

Their eyes met. "Don't!" she said breathlessly. "I see, I see."

He began to see, too.

[Continued overleaf.]

## A RISING AERONAUT STAGGERS HUMANITY.



THE AEROPLANE "ROCKETER" STARTS ITSELF AND STARTLES OTHERS.

NOTE.—Curiously enough, our Artist anticipated, in a measure, the method adopted for starting one of the aeroplanes tested the other day at the Alexandra Palace.

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.



"I have always wondered," she mused, "why you didn't understand, even if you had read every word of the diary. I felt so sure you would see it was all in self-defence. Could a girl bear to let people think she cared for a man before he had spoken? There were girls who did it"—her momentary hesitation revealed to him as clearly as words that Emily had been one of them, and he reddened—"but—but that only sent me flying to the other extreme. When people tried to—to pump me about you, I said anything—laughed, mocked, mimicked, caricatured—in sheer terror lest anyone should discover how much I cared."

He nodded. "I never knew," he said slowly. "I was told—I thought all the things that came to my ears were said by you after we were engaged."

"Mark!" she said; and her voice quivered.

He was walking restlessly up and down. "Our insane pride!" he groaned. "If only we had spoken—asked questions!"

"Yes," she agreed tremulously; and through both their minds passed a flash of wonder that Emily should have proved so good a judge of character, should have calculated on just that proud silence with which they had met catastrophe. And yet—she must have been in some doubt, or why had she removed Alison's only proof, the diary?

Suddenly Alison rose. "I must go, Mark. I acted on a sudden impulse in coming, and my impulses are always wrong." Her smile was very sad.

"Not this one," he urged eagerly. "Alison, not this one! You are in town? I shall see you again?"

She answered his unspoken thought. "Ah, Mark, has life led you to expect such miracles?"

"Alison!" he implored, "you'll forgive me—some day?"

"Forgive?" She turned away with a sigh. "It would have been hard, wouldn't it," she mused, "if I had married five years ago?"

He caught his breath. "Alison! You didn't?"

She shook her head. "No, I didn't; that would have been only hard." She turned towards the door. "Really, I must go, or I shall miss the train."

His voice was heavy with disappointment. "Then you aren't on a visit in town?"

She stood still. "A visit in town?" she echoed, and her lips were white. "Oh, no." Suddenly she swayed towards him. "Help me, Mark," she breathed piteously.

He bent and kissed her hands. "My dear! My sweet!" He stopped with a hoarse cry, "Alison, you said you——" He pointed to one of her hands.

"It wasn't five years ago," she gasped. "Oh, Mark, if it had been, I think—I could have forgiven her."

His eyes questioned her passionately. With a little cry she released her hands and stumbled to the door.

"Don't go, Alison," he implored.

She shook her head. "I must. Don't you understand?" She turned for an instant. "Didn't I tell you it wasn't a visit?" Her voice broke. "Mark! Mark! Don't look at me. There are no miracles! It's a honeymoon."



## "PURE NONSENSE."

BY F. HARRIS DEANS.



GLADYS was dusting the china, and I was watching her.

"I wish I were that china," said I. Not that I meant it, but it sounded sentimental.

"Why?" asked Gladys, glancing over her shoulder.

"To be picked up by you," I answered.

"Pooh!" said Gladys, "I put it down again almost immediately."

"'Almost' is such an expansive word," I remarked to my cigarette—which turned red, perhaps because I puffed at it.

Gladys seemed about to think, but changed her mind and spoke instead.

"We're almost alone, do you mean?" she suggested brightly.

"We are, quite," I corrected. Aunt was out, speaking to the cook—something urgent, anyhow.

"You," I began allegorically, "are something in a shop-window."

"Something nice," insisted Gladys.

"Not necessarily," I said, "but something I want."

"Oh!" murmured Gladys. She appeared to be in some doubt how to take that.

"But I've no money," I continued.

"Not *really* money," said Gladys, who disliked definiteness.

"Really money," I said firmly. "Your mother is the shop-keeper."

"Is that quite nice?" asked Gladys doubtfully.

"So I can't get you," I concluded, without expressing an opinion.

"I don't see the—the—what do you call it?" declared Gladys.

"How's that?" I inquired, flicking the ash off my cigarette.

Gladys—well, no, she didn't really blush.

"There's no window to this shop," she explained. Then she did blush. Perhaps she doubted my honesty.

"Your mother is doubling shopkeeper and window," said I, as I heard my aunt's footstep approaching.

She looked at us suspiciously as she came in.

"What are you two talking about?" she inquired.

"Shops," said I promptly. "Wondering whether there'll ever be a bargain sale."

"There's generally one," said my aunt informatively, "every autumn."

She eyed Gladys's depressed expression in surprise. You see, she didn't know she'd been continuing an allegory.

"I loathe bargains!" Gladys burst out.

"Sometimes you can't help getting them," I said, to soothe the little girl's feelings.

I don't think she quite grasped it; but, then, girls often get the meaning from the tone rather than the words.

"Oh, in that case——" she admitted.

"In what case?" asked my aunt, a trifle bewildered.

"In case I ever got a bargain, Gladys wouldn't object," I explained.

Gladys got up in a hurry and continued her dusting. Well, honestly she implied that.

"Why should she object?" demanded my aunt.

I shrugged my shoulders.

"I don't think it's at all nice of you to suggest that Gladys would object," continued my aunt, somewhat annoyed.

"I didn't," I protested. "I said she *wouldn't* object."

My aunt looked at me with some degree of exasperation.

"You seem to me," she said severely, "to be getting more difficult of comprehension every day. You talk utter rubbish."

"Not 'utter,'" I pleaded.

"Utter rubbish," insisted my aunt. "I never can understand you, and I don't think Gladys does, although she pretends to."

"Gladys!" I cried indignantly.

"Not always," she answered.

"There!" said my aunt triumphantly.

"That is," corrected Gladys hurriedly, "I always understand *what* you say, but not *why* you say it."

"I speak that I may not think," I explained.

"Now what does he mean by that?" asked my aunt helplessly.

"My meaning," I admitted, "is not very obvious—not to a woman, anyhow."

"There's a difference," explained my Aunt kindly, "between foolishness and cleverness."

"That," I acknowledged frankly, "is so. The difficulty is to discover what is the difference."

I paused politely as my aunt appeared to be about to speak.

"Yes?" I said encouragingly.

"Nothing," said she. "Go on."

"I haven't solved the problem myself," I informed her. "The difference between sense and nonsense," I went on, "depends as much on the listener as on the speaker."

My aunt rose to her feet.

"Absurd!" said she. "Sense is always sense. You are talking absolute nonsense."

"You, then," I said admiringly, "have solved the problem."

THE END



## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

SEVERAL interesting political bridals loom in the near future.

The first of these, as we note on another page, takes place to-morrow (April 25), when Mr. Dudley Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's second son, weds Miss Cecile Drummond. The bridegroom has taken no part in

public life as yet, but, being the son of his father and the nephew of Lord Tweedmouth, he can scarcely hope to escape the glamour of St. Stephen's. Political would-be Benedicks give a good example to the superstitious: the present Chancellor of the Exchequer was married in May, and Sir Henry Norman and Miss Priscilla McLaren have fixed their wedding for the 8th of next month. Their marriage, it is hardly necessary to state, will take place where so many famous political bridals have been celebrated—that is, in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Raymond Asquith's engagement to the second of the beautiful Miss Horners has been an open secret for some time, so it is likely that the official betrothal

will not be of long duration, and that the wedding will take place before the season is very far advanced. Mr. Asquith has known his fiancée during the whole of

her short life, and it was at her country home, Mells Park, that Mr. H. H. Asquith and his second wife spent their honeymoon.



THE ENGAGEMENT OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S SON, MISS KATHERINE HORNER, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. RAYMOND ASQUITH.

Copyright Photograph by Holtzer.



A SPORTSMAN TO THE FINGER-TIPS: LORD DURHAM, NEW STEWARD OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

Photograph by Russell.

nunciation of Latin which is exercising the minds of gentlemen who write to the *Times*. Of course, old Parliamentary hands bemoan the fact that Latin is seldom quoted nowadays in the House as another sign of decadence of Parliamentary oratory.

As a fact, however, so long ago as the Duke of Wellington's time the practice was condemned. "Say what you've got to say, don't quote Latin, and—sit down," was his pregnant advice to a new member who sought his aid. John Bright once came a cropper over his Latin in the House. There was a deadly silence for the moment, but the then Lord John Manners referred, when he got up, to the hon. member's "eccentric Latin." That, to Gladstone's mind, was the worst thing ever done in the House in his time. "What, was it really the worst thing you ever heard said?" asked Archbishop Benson. "The worst," answered Gladstone. Was he present, one wonders, when Bernal Osborne, after quoting Latin in the House, observed that he would translate what he had said, for the benefit of the "unlettered millionaires" who sat round him?

*The Inexpiable Offence.* Parliament betrays little interest in

the discussion over the pro-

done for many a day is to elect Lord Durham one of its Stewards. A sportsman to his finger-tips, he represents the good old school who "play not for gain but sport." He loves a thoroughbred, and likes to see him well and truly ridden.

*A Turf Reformer.* The best thing the Jockey Club has done for many a day is to elect Lord Durham one of its Stewards. A sportsman to his finger-tips, he represents the good old school who "play not for gain but sport." He loves a thoroughbred, and likes to see him well and truly ridden. The man who can win but will not need expect no mercy of the new Steward. He was down like a thousand of bricks on the American invasion. It was not the jockeyship to which he objected. Indeed, he welcomed the advent of the new jockeys, declaring that they compelled English riders to set a good pace and not "mess their horses about" so as to come with one long run at the finish. What he did object to was the following of the American jockeys, who considered racing merely an instrument for high gambling. What will he do as Steward? The thing which he would best like to do would be to abolish the advertising tipster, whose Alpha and Omega, he asserts, are misrepresentation. His election is bound to inaugurate a new era, for he warned the Jockey Club, after a *cause célèbre* twenty years ago,

that a private individual should never again be called upon to demand reforms or correct abuses which it was the duty of the Stewards to initiate or suppress. Now he is one of those Stewards, and fire may be expected in the heather.



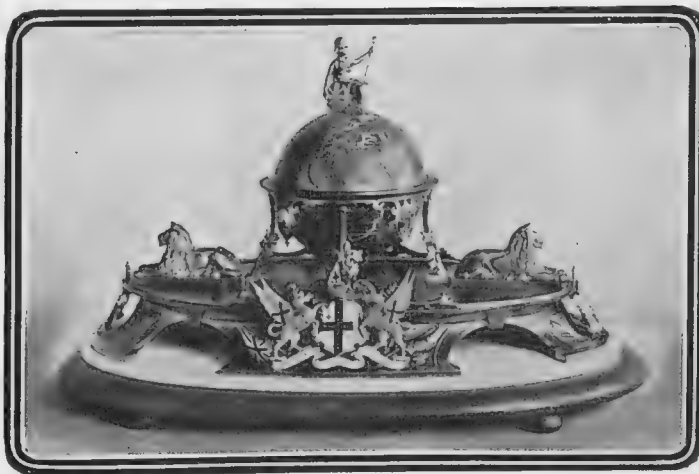
MR. RAYMOND ASQUITH, SON OF THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS KATHERINE HORNER.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

*The Glass-Eye Sentinel.*

The gorgeous accounts which have just been published as to the probable future of Nigeria make refreshing reading after the old stories of man-eating man there. The native difficulty seems now no difficulty at all.

Apparently black and white have come to a good understanding, with the happiest results. There can, however, be too much of an understanding; the native is like a child, who gets to know things and takes advantage of his knowledge. So a man of light and leading discovered when handling a big crowd of Kaffirs in Rhodesia. Called away from his estate, he warned his "boys" that, though compelled to absent himself, he would keep an eye upon them. So saying, he removed his glass eye, and placed it in the fork of a tree. The startled niggers worked for all they were worth, mindful of the menacing glance of the sentinel eye. Then a bright idea struck an elder. He cautiously approached, and clapped a bucket over the awful eye. Finding that they were no longer watched, all then lay down and slept peacefully.



THE CASKET IN WHICH THE SCROLL OF THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON WAS PRESENTED TO SIR WILFRID LAURIER, PREMIER OF THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

Each of the Premiers received a casket similar in all respects save in the position of the coats-of-arms and the floral emblems. The scroll is contained in the globe. We are able to give our photograph by the courtesy of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, of 112, Regent Street, W., designers and manufacturers of the caskets.



# KEY-NOTES

THE Opera Season that is announced to open on Tuesday next promises to be one of exceptional interest, and before considering the programme and the performers, it is valuable to note for a moment how high this country stands to-day in the world of opera. Only a few years ago, Continental musicians could not always hide a smile when they spoke of some of our productions; while they admitted the value of a few, they found much to amuse them in the mounting, dressing, and casting of others that figured in the list, and to a considerable extent they were justified of their amusement. Under the auspices of the Grand Opera Syndicate, a steady improvement has been recorded year after year, and to-day Paris, New York, and other cities that might be mentioned send representatives to London to see how opera is being produced and to imitate our methods, so far as their artistic and financial resources will permit. Of course, the Metropolitan Opera House of New York has an enormous subscription-list—Mr. Conried is said to have nearly half-a-million dollars in hand when he opens his doors; but for all that, our London productions will compare favourably with the best that New York has to offer.



COMPOSER OF THE "CORONATION MASS 'EDWARD VII.," PRODUCED AT QUEEN'S HALL LAST WEEK; DR. CHARLES A. E. HARRISS.

Dr. Harriss conducted the performance of his "Coronation Mass 'Edward VII.'" at the concert given at Queen's Hall last week in honour of the Colonial Premiers. The work, which is dedicated to the Queen, was first produced at Ottawa four years ago at one of the British-Canadian Festival Concerts. Dr. Harriss, it may be noted, is director of the McGill University Conservatorium of Music in Canada, and is the composer of many works. He is forty-five.

"Madama Butterfly" at Covent Garden was the best he had seen, and he proposes to pay London the compliment of giving at Covent Garden next year the first performance of his new opera, "La Femme et le Pantin." Although there are people who still complain that the prices obtaining at Covent Garden are altogether prohibitive, they forget, or do not know, that opera costs quite as much in the best opera-houses on the Continent, while in North and South America you must pay more money for performances that will not always bear comparison with ours. At some of the German opera-houses you give a pound for your stall; at Monte Carlo prices sometimes rule higher still; in Naples and Milan the best seats cost twenty francs, and at these houses the season's repertory is a comparatively small one. In the thirteen weeks of the forthcoming Grand Opera Season at Covent Garden it is proposed to present some thirty operas, and although one or two of these are "doubtful starters"—if we may be permitted to borrow the language of the Turf—there is no doubt that on an average there will be a fresh production twice a week throughout the season.

Among the operas that have not been heard for some time in London are "Bastien and Bastienne," "La Gioconda," and "Hansel and Gretel." Catalani's "Loreley" and Mascagni's "Iris" are promised, though the production of the latter may be postponed; and "Gioconda" is to be provided with new scenery, new dresses, and a complete ballet. "The Merry Wives of Windsor" will appear in a new dress, and the absurd but popular "Traviata" is to borrow as much semblance of reasonableness as new clothes can lend it. Wagner is responsible for seven operas, Verdi for five, and Puccini for three, while French musicians remain unaccountably in the background, represented only by Bizet's "Carmen" and Gounod's "Faust." If we were inclined to find fault with the splendid programme of the Syndicate it would be on the ground that France suffers undue neglect at Covent Garden. Of course, the management must put some limit upon their programme, and doubtless they have not satisfied all their supporters among lovers of German and Italian music. The absence from the programme

of "Tristan" will be generally regretted; presumably it is due to the difficulty of finding a suitable tenor.

The "Ring" Cycle this year is associated with performances of "Die Meistersinger," and this, the greatest musical comedy of all time, will be split up as though it were one of the "Ring" operas, starting at five and having an interval of an hour and a half between the first and second acts. Occasion will be taken thoroughly to ventilate the theatre during the intervals of the "Ring" performances, and for this consideration the management is entitled to grateful thanks.

The list of artists engaged for the season is a very attractive one. The soprani include Melba, Destinn, Donalda, Selma Kurz, Giachetti, Agnes Nicholls, and Fräulein Hempel, who brings a great reputation from Germany. Mesdames Kirkby Lunn and De Cisneros are the leading mezzo-soprani; and the tenors include Caruso, Carpi, Knote, and Kraus, together with Herr Cornelius, who has earned the praise of the critical audiences at Bayreuth. The bassi and baritones include MM. Gilibert, Journet, Sammarco, Scotti, and Van Rooy.

Herr Nikisch, who has been seen in London several times this year, and will direct the London Symphony Orchestra at the Queen's Hall on Saturday, is held by many musicians to be the greatest living conductor. Comparisons are unnecessary and difficult, for the accomplishments of conductors vary with the works they interpret, but undeniably the great German conductor's renderings of music by Wagner and Beethoven are exquisitely beautiful, and unfailing in their appeal to the intelligence of musicians. Herr Arthur Nikisch has not reached his present high position without long years of strenuous work. His musical



ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST CONDUCTORS, HERR ARTHUR NIKISCH.

Photograph by Heber.

experiences date from days when Wagner had not been recognised, and the Bayreuth opera-house was yet to be built. Indeed, Herr Nikisch played in Wagner's orchestra at the concert given to celebrate the laying of the foundation-stone. He is too popular and too busy in Germany to pay more than a very occasional visit to London.

COMMON CHORD.



HOME-PRODUCED FUEL FOR MOTOR-CARS—LEAKY TYRE-VALVES: THEIR PREVENTION—A NEW MOTOR MEETING AT BEXHILL—WHITE STEAM V. ROLLS-ROYCE PETROL: A PROPOSED FRIENDLY COMPETITION—A CAPTIVATING CATALOGUE: HUMBERS DELIGHTFULLY DESCRIBED—PULLMAN'S HARDENED HEXAGONAL STUDDED BANDS.

THE Motor Union as a body is ever greedy for work, so greedy that at times it comes nearer than is perhaps quite necessary to poaching on other people's preserves. However, be that as it may, the Union has never organised anything better than the inquiry now being made by its Fuels Committee into the sources of liquid-fuel supply for employment in such internal-combustion engines as are fitted to motor-cars and motor-boats. So



THE £300 18-H.P. MOTOR-CAR: THE NEW REO.

The Reo illustrated is priced at £300, and this sum includes the hood, &c. A number of these cars were sold at the recent show at the Agricultural Hall, where many complimentary remarks were passed as to the value they give for money. They are made by the Reo Motors, Ltd., Broad Sanctuary, Westminster, who offer to send their illustrated catalogue of new models on application.

long as automobilism in this country depends upon foreign imported fuel, so long will a cloud of menace hang over the practice and the industry. But by certain evidence which has been laid before the above-mentioned committee it would appear that under some circumstances a supply of no less than 30,000,000 gallons of motor fuel could be produced in this country annually. This fuel is benzole, a by-product in the manufacture of coke and tar.

Leakage of air from inner tubes—I mean the gradual form of leakage, by which a tyre will about half deflate itself in twenty-four hours—is sometimes due to the valve. I must not be understood to suggest the cause to be faulty design or bad construction. Such are far removed indeed from the simple but effective form of valve fitted to Michelin inner tubes. Such gradual loss of pressure when the loss is through the valve is due to lack of attention to the perishable parts of the apparatus. The little rubber cone, which is the valve itself, becomes at times porous, while the rubber washer in the bottom of the valve-cap, and the concentric washer against which the valve seating-piece is screwed up into the valve-column, occasionally perish and permit the escape of air, which may elude the rubber cone on the valve-spindle. The rubber cone and its metal seating should be cleaned occasionally, and the cone and the other rubber washers referred to smeared with a little vaseline.

Bexhill-on-Sea, that modern seaside creation of Lord De La Warr, is to see a return of motor-racing on its private sea-front. But for the prejudiced action of a local spoil-sport, such meetings as took place there in the early days of the R.A.C. would have become regularly recurring fixtures, to Bexhill's considerable profit and advancement. Now another beginning is to be made, and this time by the Crystal Palace Automobile Club, who will promote a Whitsuntide meeting, taking place on the 20th and 21st of next month. Undeterred by their recent experiences with formulæ, I note that the C.P.A.C. has adopted the Herkomer formula and curve in connection with a handicap open to touring-cars. Amongst other events, a race is to be held for cars with engines and chassis similar to those of the cars entered for the German Emperor's Cup.

Last year two representative firms entered into a friendly competition as to the practical merits of four and six cylinder cars. They ran their cars—one a 40-h.p. Martini and the other a 30-h.p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce—from London to Glasgow, and then through the arduous test of the Scottish Automobile Club's Reliability Trials, the competition being decided by points scored on a mutually arranged scale. Now it is suggested that a similar comparison shall be made between a six-cylinder Rolls-Royce and a 30-h.p. White steam-car. Now while points as between petrol-cars are very easily arranged, I fear that to scheme some equitable method of comparison between a steam and a petrol-car is a task which will tax even the ingenuity and resource of such men as Colonel Holden and Worby Beaumont. It is difficult to see how and what the steam-car should score for gear-changes on the part of the petrol-car, but so long as they are quite easily and simply made and are practically noiseless, I for one do not see why the petrol-car should lose many marks, if any.

It is seldom that an hour can be pleasantly whiled away in the perusal of a catalogue. Naturally, one turns to the catalogue, as a rule, with a set purpose, and, the information lacking acquired, its uses cease. At least, that is so with the majority of unconsidered compilations of the kind; but there are exceptions which stand out like figure-heads from the ruck. One such, a most excellent example, so please you, has but lately fallen into my hands; but, "moithered" as I may be supposed to be with such matters, I must own to having perused it almost from cover to cover with the greatest interest. It is the work of Messrs. Humber, Limited, and is entitled "Humber Cars, 1907." All that one desires to know of the greatly improved 30-h.p. Beeston, the famous 10-12-h.p. Coventry Humber, and the 1907 novelty, the 15-h.p. Coventry Humber, is most interestingly told and illustrated between the covers of this attractive booklet.

No firm can boast a sounder reputation for non-skid bands than the old-established Godalming leather-dressers, Messrs. R. and J. Pullman, Limited. They have given the subject so much attention, and are, by their profound experience, in so excellent a position to provide absolutely the best material for the purpose, that any fresh introduction of theirs deserves notice. The latest type of band for vulcanising to new or worn rubber covers is one carrying on



A FORERUNNER OF THE STUDDED NON-SKID TYRE: THE WHEELS FITTED TO THE COUNTRY CART OF MANCHURIA.

The eternal skidding question has brought a curious suggestion from a writer in a French paper, who thinks that side-slip might be avoided if motor-car wheels were built on the pattern of those fitted to every country cart in Manchuria. He points out that although the average Manchurian road in winter time is a mass of slimy mud, side-slips are unknown.

the crown of the tread three circumferential rows of hardened steel hexagonal riveted studs. The leather cover embracing the cover proper is thickened only beneath the strip carrying the studs, and is thinned down and chamfered away to a feather edge where it embraces the sides of the tyre, with the result that the addition of the band can detract but little from the resiliency of the tyre, while in all probability quadrupling its life.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

ON THE DOWNS—OUTSIDE BETTING—STARTING-GATES.

I CONSIDER Epsom to be one of the best-managed meetings in the country. True, the worthy clerk of the course, Mr. H. M. Dorling, does not encourage deadheads, and he runs a capital plan for defeating their little schemes. All who are entitled to free passes at Epsom get them on face presentation only, and it is simply useless to write for tickets for the stands, rings, or paddock. When Mr. Dorling framed the handicaps for his own meeting he was highly successful, and speaking from experience, I can truthfully assert that it was always difficult to spot the winners. Mr. Dorling is a thorough man of business, as the Brighton Race Committee have found out by now. He has turned the meetings held on the Brighton hills into a big dividend-paying venture, and he generally manages to show good sport. In the case of the Epsom meeting, it is a little gold-mine to its proprietors, though it must not be forgotten that on Derby and Oaks days many thousands of people see the fun for nothing from the opposite side of the course, and they manage to get a capital view of both start and finish in the round races. I have often thought that equestrians are out of place among the crowd at Epsom, yet I have never seen an accident caused by anyone riding among the people on the opposite side of the course. The City and Suburban promises to yield well, and the winner may take some finding, as several of the animals engaged come under the "dark" category so far as the present form is concerned. My final selection for the race will be found in another column.

The recent decision of the Wood Green magistrates on the question of betting on the Alexandra Palace slopes proves that the new Act is of an elastic character. For instance, it would be quite legal, I take it, to make a book just outside the Downs station at Epsom at the time racing was in progress on the hills. Of course, it is perfectly legal to bet on the opposite side of the course now, but some years back it was questioned in racing quarters, and some people went so far as to predict that a stop could be put to the bookmakers who stood up on the opposite side of the course. In the case of free and open courses, it would be a cruel thing to stop betting outside the rings, although at many places I could name the clerks of the course would do so if they could. In the case of some of our enclosed courses, I notice with surprise that outside betting is

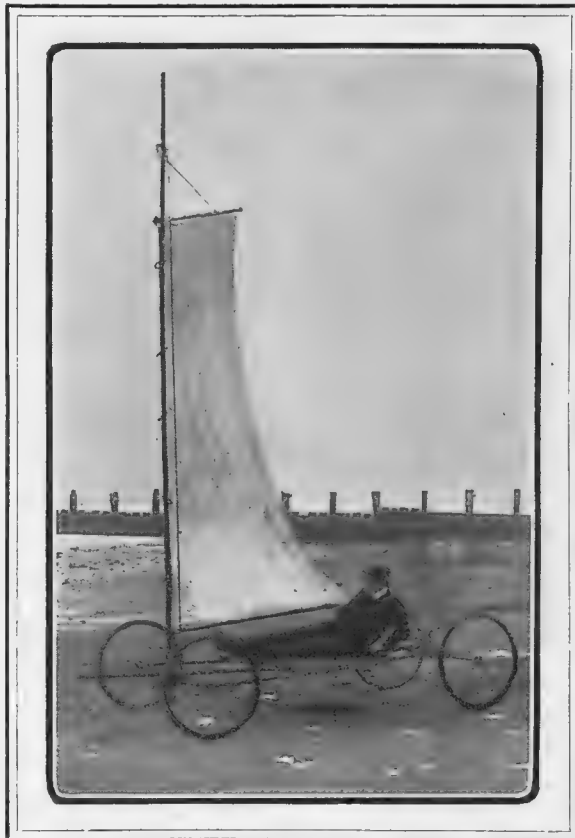
only allowed at certain meetings during the year, while at other fixtures the bookies have to do business in the rings or nowhere. This is not cricket. If it is right to bet outside at one meeting I do not see how it could be legally stopped at another in the same enclosure, and I believe myself that the layers could enforce their right if they liked. It is evident that the race-course managers are willing to grant the permission when they have big gates and want the outsiders to be catered for, and by the same logic they should be forced to allow the bookies to work on off days. It would be better for the sport if racecourse managers were made to face the fact that the sport of kings can only become the sport of the people when the latter are catered for properly at all times.

A few weeks back a friend of mine who was about to patent a new starting-gate was anxious to bring his idea to the notice of the Jockey Club, but he was informed that the Stewards were full up and would not entertain any more ideas as to starting-gates. But surely there is room for improvement in the present system of starting, if not in the gates. Many keen observers of the starts at our race-meetings consider that the horses should be sent off on the walk, and should be allowed to line up twenty yards behind the tapes. Others object to this, as they say the starter could not possibly keep his eyes on the machinery and on the horses at one and the same time. But with the invention about to be patented by my young friend, this is exactly what he could do. I have told in *The Sketch* before how Mr. Richard Figes, the starter to the French Jockey Club, could walk about, and, by means of

his own patent, could press the button in his pocket without any of the jockeys seeing him do it; and the patent referred to above goes even one better, I believe. I cannot discuss the details yet, but I am convinced that by its aid the "walking start" would be made a big success. As Lord Durham is supposed to have first adopted the starting-gate in this country, we look to the new Steward of the Jockey Club to perfect the system, so that backers may at all times get a fair run for their money. Even the bookmakers, as I have shown, object to bad starts, as these kill racing in time.

CAPTAIN COE.

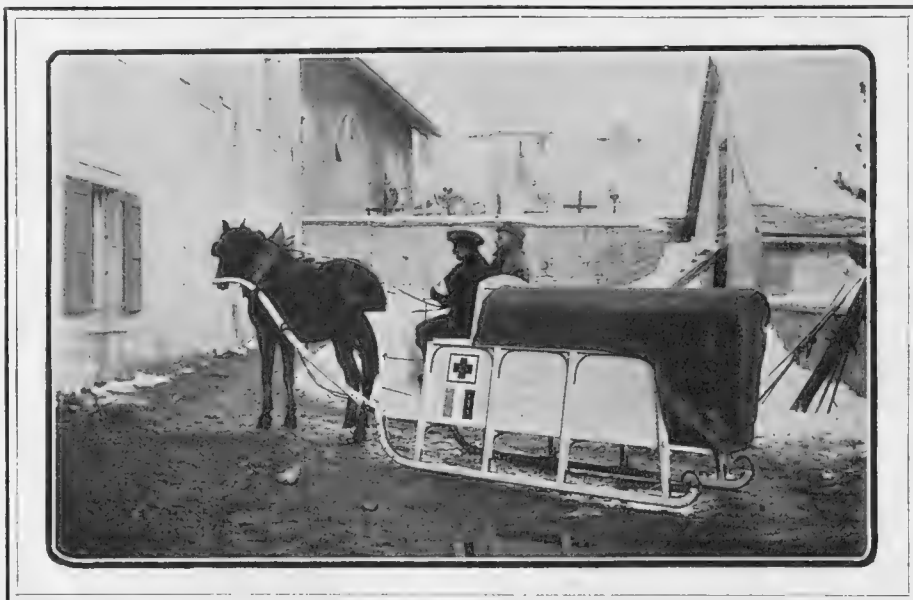
Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE BEST "VESSEL" FOR BAD SAILORS: A YACHT THAT TRAVELS ACROSS THE SAND.

The body of the land yacht illustrated consists of a gas-piping frame and bicycle wheels. Propelled by a strong breeze, the yacht has done as much as thirty-five miles an hour.

Photograph supplied by E. F. Sutton.



THE RED CROSS IN THE MOUNTAINS: AN ALPINE AMBULANCE SLEDGE.

Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.

## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### A Colonial Lorgnette.

We Londoners should look to our manners this season, for there are numbers of Colonial lorgnettes turned upon us, and the modern daughter is proverbially a sharp critic of her mother. The owner of one such eye-glass, Mrs. Grossmann, has already recorded her impressions in one of the reviews with a diverting candour which leaves one thoughtful. This clever lady evidently looks upon England as a sort of prodigal maternal parent, who is now revelling in a revival of the spirit of the Restoration. She finds little Puritanism in this island, unless the remnant of hypocrisy which we still exhibit is a survival of it. "Provided that decorum is observed," she declares, "almost anything is allowed to pass with impunity, the object always being to prevent a disturbance." Moreover, we Londoners are spiteful, but not revengeful; tactful, but not sympathetic; and amiable rather than affectionate. As we never think, someone else has to undergo that painful mental process for us, and our favourite vicarious thinkers, it seems, are the Bishop of London, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Blatchford. And, lastly, Mrs. Grossmann declares that there is only one religion in London "whose worshippers are all devoutly sincere, and that is the cult of success." Judging from the numbers of books and articles on our capital which flow in a steady stream from American and Colonial pens, I think that, on the whole, our Anglo-Saxon kinsmen are ready to adore London, but are not altogether at their ease with Londoners.

### The Turpitude of Tact.

The lady in the topical song who was declared to have every qualification for wide social success because she possessed "diamonds and tact" represents one of our most treasured national ideals. A display of diamonds is pleasing to the average snobbish soul as indicating wealth in which he may possibly benefit; but tact is essentially the modern civilised virtue, and must be exercised at whatever cost of truth and honour. It is, as a matter of fact, the twentieth-century Iron Mask, behind which the man and woman of the world effectually conceal their real features and their true feelings. Nowadays, to say that a person has no tact is to hurl at him the most obnoxious epithet in our lukewarm vocabulary. Yet this cherished attribute is hypocritical in essence, and often disastrous when used. It covers every turpitude, smoothes the ways of the vicious and the ill-tempered, effectually conceals character and temperament, and reduces everyone who uses it, master and servant, child and parent, husband and wife, into the semblance of a pallid Pierrot at a masquerade. Thus it is that we, the heirs of all the ages, never learn to know our contemporaries, who are for ever effacing themselves behind a screen of polite subterfuge. Some of us, indeed, go about forlornly with a lantern, looking for a Real Person, only to encounter—at any rate, in well-bred society—an endless procession of phantoms "with so much tact."

### Paris by Motor.

If London is still as far as ever from Paris, there is no doubt that Paris grows nearer to London year by year, and even week by week. Every few days we hear of some new facility for getting in touch with the gay capital—a capital which for women-folk is the most important of all cities. The indefatigable Mr. Henniker Heaton is now in Paris discussing with the French Post Office ways and means of cheapening the letter rate between the two countries, and also the cost of telephone and telegraph. If we are not to have a Channel Tunnel, then a train-ferry is a practical certainty, and we shall soon be able to step into a corridor train at Victoria and alight from it seven hours later at the Gare du Nord. Week-ends by the Seine will become a high fashion, and those indefatigable spirits (who include several members of the staff of *Punch*) who habitually cross the Channel every Sunday, eat their lunch at Calais, and return the same afternoon, will certainly push their adventures further so as to see a piece at the Renaissance or the Gymnase before they quit French shores. But an enterprise which is already begun, and will start early in May, is that of a motor-car service between the French and English capitals. The journey is to be accomplished in twelve hours, and the only drawback seems to be that the route through Picardy is somewhat unbeautiful. However, as the cars propose to travel at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour along the level roads of France, it does not much matter to the scared occupants what the scenery is like. They will probably be fully occupied in clinging to the seats and offering up prayers for their safe arrival.

### Menus for the Nervous.

An eminent medicine-man of Paris has been drawing up an "intellectual dietary" for brain-workers, who should, he thinks, be treated in precisely the same way as are sufferers from neurasthenia. Literary folk and others who use their brains without taking proper muscular exercise are often, it seems, "fatigued and literally intoxicated by a diet too rich in azote and phosphorus." I don't know what azote is, but it sounds dangerous, if not contagious. The alarming thing

about this doctor's regimen, from the point of view of a Frenchman, is that whatever small amount of meat or chicken is eaten must be consumed without sauce. From time immemorial the playful Gaul has twitted us with our lack of sauces and our plethora of religions; and now it appears he himself is to pass his life not only without a State religion, but without melted butter in all its protean forms. Moreover, the brain-workers and the neurasthenics must forswear wine and all fermented drinks. In future no French poet will, if he values his health, wear vine-leaves in his hair; and the Alfred de Musset of the twentieth century will be the slave of hot water, but not of the baneful *apéritif*. But, on the whole, I don't think the authors will be altogether grateful to Dr. Maurice de Fleury for classing them publicly with neurasthenics, and proposing to feed them on dry biscuits, green vegetables, and mineral waters.



AN AFTERNOON GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)



## THE FORTHCOMING OPERA SEASON, AND A QUEEN'S COMMAND.

### OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE forthcoming season of Grand Opera at Covent Garden will be entirely under the control of our own countrymen, and the appearance of an Englishman in the conductor's seat at the opera-house must be matter for special congratulation among English-speaking musicians. For very many years our German and Italian friends have divided the honours between them, and nobody has looked for change. Mr. Percy Pitt, who will take charge of several operas, including "Faust," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Hansel and Gretel," and "Bastien and Bastienne," was entrusted last spring with the direction of "The Vagabond and the Princess," one of the lighter German operas, and he conducted "Faust" in the autumn. It is an open secret that Dr. Richter suggested Mr. Pitt's appointment last year, for the great German conductor is a sincere admirer of his young English colleague.



MISS TOLLI, WHO IS TO APPEAR IN "THE MERRY WIVES."

For some time past the Grand Opera Syndicate has relied to no small extent upon Mr. Pitt's judgment and discretion in the selection of foreign artists, and the result of his labours could hardly be more satisfactory. Perhaps the arrival of an Englishman at one of the highest places in the opera-house will be of advantage to the English-speaking singers who have made a special study of opera; in any case, it helps to remove the reproach that we are entirely dependent upon outside assistance when we wish to produce important operatic works. Only a few years ago the charge would have been well founded, though it may not be generally known that some of Germany's well-known opera-singers are English or American by birth, but have studied in Germany because the facilities for pursuing musical study in that country are so greatly to be desired. Four of the most popular artists engaged for the coming season at Covent Garden are English or Colonial. They are Mesdames Melba, Kirkby Lunn, Donalda, and Agnes Nicholls. Their services are in request not only here, but in many of the leading opera-houses on the Continent and in America.

People who attend the "Ring" performances at Covent Garden will be well advised to make their arrangements for dinner well in advance. The past few years have seen some of the best known restaurants round Covent Garden full to the doors on the occasion of the "Ring" performances.



MADAME KIRKBY LUNN, WHO HEADS THE LIST OF CONTRALTOS.

*Photograph by Armstrong.*



MADAME PAULINE DONALDA, THE WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN PRIMA-DONNA.

*Photograph by Desgranges.*

### THE QUEEN AND MR. EDWARD LLOYD.

IN the past few years science has enabled music to take some great strides along the road to immortality, and we are face to face with the startling fact that though time can destroy a singer, science can preserve his voice, and the dead can sing to the living as they sang in past times to their own delighted and responsive generation. One cannot help a certain feeling of regret at the thought that such records as the Gramophone Company can make to-day were unknown to our grandfathers. There are so many singers, now no more than the shadow of a name, whose achievements we must judge by the verdict of the very old people who heard them. Our latter-day artists, on the other hand, can rely with perfect confidence upon the verdict of the future as well as the present, because they can take their voice at its best and give it an imperishable record. An interesting example of this new form of immortality has just come to light. Mr. Edwin Greene recently composed a song called "The Fleeting Years," and by special permission dedicated it to Queen Alexandra. The Queen was so pleased with the work that she desired to have a permanent record made by a singer of the first rank. Her Majesty is the possessor of a gramophone, and an intimation of her wish was sent to the company. The manager applied to Mr. Edward Lloyd—who, as all the world knows, has now retired from the pursuit of his profession, and is living in Sussex—and asked him to make a record of the song for her Majesty.

The veteran tenor did not hesitate. He left his country home, came up to London, sang "The Fleeting Years" into the trumpet of the record-room of the Gramophone Company's offices in the City Road, and the result was eminently satisfactory. Her Majesty accepted the record, and thanked artist and makers. It is hard to guess what further possibilities are dormant or half-developed in the wonderful machine that gives us the finest voices of the world to be our constant companions. There is no apparent limit to the possibilities, and it may be that in days to come we shall be able to select our opera, arrange a few discs, and hear the finest performance from the greatest operatic centres in its entirety.



MISS HEMPEL, WHO IS TO APPEAR IN "THE MERRY WIVES," "DIE MEISTERSINGER," AND "BASTIEN AND BASTIENNE."

*Photograph by Carl Giesse.*



BY COMMAND OF THE QUEEN: MR. EDWARD LLOYD, THE FAMOUS TENOR, MAKING A GRAMOPHONE RECORD OF "THE FLEETING YEARS."

The Queen much desired a record of the song "The Fleeting Years" for use with her gramophone, and accordingly Mr. Edward Lloyd sang the song for reproduction. The photograph here given is of particular interest in that it shows not only the actual record in the making, with Madame Adami accompanying and Mr. Whitehouse playing the 'cello obligato, but the arrangement necessary for the purpose. The piano and accompanist are raised on a hollow sounding-box immediately behind the singer, who stands close to the trumpet projecting from the wall. At the end of this trumpet are the recording apparatus and the plates of soft material on which the sounds are impressed.

*Photograph by Mr. Shadwell Clarke.*



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on May 13.*

## CONSOLS AND GILT-EDGED STOCKS.

**S**ATISFACTORY as the Budget was from the standpoint of known purchases of Consols in the future, it cannot do the Consol Market much good so long as the heavy new issues keep on putting in their unwelcome appearances. The County Council  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per Cent. Loan went well, certainly, but it has inaugurated a fresh low level, towards which other gilt-edged stocks must drift. Here, one can get nearly  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. on the money from a stock secured upon London—about as fine an asset, speaking theoretically, as it is possible to discover. Hitherto the  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. municipal loans of places such as Belfast or Birmingham have stood over par. Will they not also have to come down to the  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. basis? Or will the County Council stock rise to par, and so stand upon a  $3\frac{3}{4}$  per cent. basis? We know which we think is the more likely to happen, at any rate for some time to come. Investors, it seems, will soon be able to buy gilt-edged stocks to return them only a trifling fraction less than Home Railway Ordinary issues do at present.

## MEXICAN RAILS.

By the time that this note appears in print the report of the Mexican Railway will have appeared, and it will be studied with keen interest to see whether the recent fall in prices is to be connected or not with the half-yearly tale of the directors. If the report is favourable, and if by that time the Company has awakened to the propriety of supplying its stockholders with news regarding the amount of trouble which the earthquake in Mexico is likely to cause the Railway, our own opinion is that the First Preference certainly should be bought. Unless, that is, some very good reason is obvious for not doing so. In the future of the Mexican Railway Company we have always believed, and have no doubt in our own minds that the First Preference will reach 150 or 160. The Seconds are a speculation, and the Ordinary a gamble—a good gamble, as we have said before. Certain firms in the Stock Exchange are also in difficulties and Mexican Rails. Until the first-named are out of the second, the third must remain a market subject to shock and slump; but these transitory influences should be considered useful as affording good opportunities for the speculative investor to buy.

## INDUSTRIAL SHARES.

Rarely does it happen that a Budget makes absolutely no difference to one section or another of the Industrial Market, but Mr. Asquith's second performance has left untouched tea, sugar, beer, armaments, or any of the other luxuries affected by taxation, and Industrials were therefore unmoved. The strongest department in the market is that devoted to the Textile group, and the boom in the Yorkshire-Lancashire trade is a most useful adjunct to business in many other Stock Exchanges besides that of London. From all we can hear, the prospects are for quiet advance, without anything sensational. Fears of Socialist legislation weigh down the armament shares, but Armstrongs and Vickers both look reasonably priced. Lyons, we are told, may fairly be expected to improve steadily. The Company has, of course, secured the Dublin Exhibition contract. This may or may not be of considerable value. For ourselves, we attach much more consequence to the Anglo-French Exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, to be opened in 1908. By that time Lyons may, perhaps, be 7. Those little shares, Diesel Engines, recommended here as a gamble, keep about the same price—that is, 4s. The Company is doing well, and we understand that it now has orders in hand which will keep it in full work up to next April. A small dividend is quite likely to be forthcoming before long.

## THE NEW CITY EDITOR.

Mr. Walter Mansfield, who has just been appointed City Editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, could chant with literal truth the Vesta Tillian ballad, "I'm following in father's footsteps." For many years his father was City Editor of the *Morning Post*, and it is perhaps unique that his son should obtain a similar appointment upon another paper. Mr. Walter Mansfield is very popular in the City, and congratulations have been pouring in lavishly. In collaboration with his brother, under the well-known nom-de-guerre of "Huan Mee," Mr. Mansfield has been in part responsible for a couple of plays, half-a-dozen novels, various poems in *Punch*, and short stories galore. While doubtless the new City Editor will do his best to prevent an absent-minded entrance of the lovelorn heroine upon the financial stage, the fact that he can generally see a touch of the humorous in life will certainly not detract from his success in the City Editorial chair.

## UNITED LANKAT PLANTATIONS.

Of the planting of rubber-trees and the floating of Rubber Companies there is no end. Great as is the prospective demand for rubber, it would be most unwise for investors to rely on a maintenance of present prices when all the new sources of supply are available, and the most careful discrimination should be used in investing in these concerns. These considerations do not apply with quite the same force where rubber-cultivation is only a subsidiary source of profit, present or future. For instance, the Company whose name stands at the head of this note is devoting 400 acres to rubber-trees—62,000 trees have already been planted, and 28,000 more are to go in, making 90,000 trees in all planted and in good trim at a total cost of some five thousand pounds. Very little expenditure is required while the trees are growing, so that the whole plantation will stand in the Company's books at quite a small sum when the time comes for returns. The cultivation of tobacco is, however, the main source of the Company's revenue, and has proved wonderfully remunerative. The total paid-up capital of the Company is £225,438, consisting of 19,113 10 per cent. Preference shares, and 206,325 Ordinary shares, all of £1 each. The dividends, including bonus, paid for the last four years have been—1903, 10 per cent.; 1904, 10 per cent.; 1905, 25 per cent.; 1906, 40 per cent. The net profit for 1906 was £111,539 18s. 2d., making, with £12,777 10s. 8d. brought forward, a total available for distribution of £124,317 8s. 10d. Of this, the payments of the dividends and bonus absorbed £84,441 6s., leaving no less than £37,876 2s. 10d. to be carried forward. £2000 was added to the Reserve for Depreciation of Leases, which have seventy years to run, raising it to £21,000. The general Reserve stands at £100,000, against which the Company has Cash on Deposit, £115,000, and Investments at Cost, £48,794. It will be apparent, therefore, that the financial position is very strong. As to the immediate prospects, the 1905 crop, from the sale of which were derived the profits of the year just past, amounted to 9394 bales, for which an average price of 208 cents per half-kilo was obtained. The 1906 crop, now being sold, has amounted to 10,655 bales, of which 2737 bales have been sold to date at an average price of 278 cents per half-kilo, or a total of about £92,000. The remainder of the crop has either arrived at Amsterdam or has been advised as on its way. It will be noticed that the price obtained shows a considerable advance on last year's figures, and at the Amsterdam sales this year the United Lankat Company has in fact received higher prices than any other Sumatra Company for its tobacco. For 1907, therefore, shareholders may confidently expect at least as good a dividend as last year; at their present price of about £5 the return is a clear 8 per cent. Of course, intending purchasers should bear in mind that the tobacco trade is subject to crops of fluctuating value, and that the ruling high prices are influenced by the partial failure of the Cuban tobacco crop. Still, the Company is in an exceptionally strong position owing to its ample reserve funds, and in the large "carry forward" possesses a valuable insurance fund against possible lean years in the future. Q.

*Saturday, April 20, 1907.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."*

*Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.*

**HAZELDENE.**—We agree with what you have heard of the Borneo Company. The issued capital is 950,741 shares of £1 each, of which 480,201 are fully paid and the balance 18s. paid. There are also two issues of 5 per cent. Debentures outstanding. Dividends have been paid for years—3 per cent. in respect of 1905. Meeting in July, accounts to Dec. 31 then submitted.

**AGAR.**—The people you name we know nothing against, except that they are share-pushers, whose advice is not disinterested.

**K. H. J.**—See this week's Notes.

**C.**—We never mention brokers in the paper, but have sent you the name privately. You might average all three.

**F. W. P.**—Thanks for your letter. The American Freehold Land Company Preference stock is a splendid investment. The Company is most prosperous, and has not a bad investment in its boxes, besides which the uncalled Ordinary capital is enough to secure the Preference, quite apart from anything else.

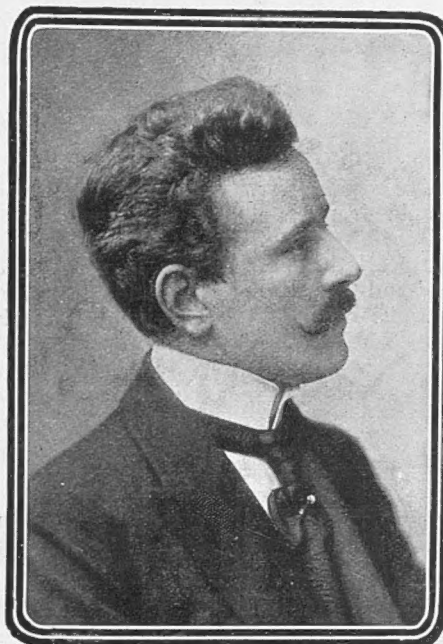
**MADEIRA.**—If you will take risks with chance of big profit buy Commonwealth Oil Preference shares; if you want an investment with a certainty of income, see answer to F. W. P.

**H. D.**—Your figures are not quite correct. The price of Preference shares is  $\frac{3}{4}$  premium. Only 225,000 Deferred have been issued. "Q" agrees that probably, at present price, the Preference are the best investment.

**MARMION.**—We have inquired, and the market knows of nothing wrong with the mine. A big block of shares has been offered, probably because the owner had to pay big differences in the late Yankee slump, and as the price is what is called a "heavy" one, it is difficult to find purchasers—hence the fall.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Can Dean Swift win the City and Suburban for the second successive year? is the question that is agitating many breasts. My idea is that he can, but he will have to put his best foot forward to beat Larino. I think these two will fight out the finish, and that Dean Swift will be first. Other winners at Epsom may be: Copthorne Plate, Pane; Kingswood Plate, Opera Dance filly; Apprentices' Plate, Wild Aster; Tadworth Plate, Pericline; Hyde Park Plate, Moet. At Sandown, the following may win: Thursday—Twickenham Plate, Hanover Square; Esher Plate, Donna Caterina; Cobham Plate, Kakadu; Mount Felix Plate, Fitzdonovan. Friday—Princess of Wales's Handicap, Traquair; Guildford Handicap, Birdcraft; Tudor Plate, Lowland Lord; Stud Produce Stakes, Politician. Saturday—International Chase, Island Chief; Great Sandown Hurdle, Gamaliel II.; Criterion Chase, Queen's Scholar; Kingston Hurdle, Lapworth.



MR. WALTER MANSFIELD.

*Photograph by Hana.*



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

THE Empire's Premiers—no longer is the word "Colonial" to be held descriptive of these leaders of men—are determined that the ladies accompanying them shall suffer no eclipse in dress from the daughters of the parent country. They arrived well equipped, and, so far as I can make out, have employed all the spare moments they could snatch from incessant hospitalities in shopping. Some of them have made a welcome but at first slightly disconcerting discovery. They had not expected to find almost every woman wearing earrings. The fashion was shy for a year or two; now it has stalked boldly out and leads all Society. Unpierced ears seemed to be a reproach at first, but soon the visitors jumped to the delightful fact that earrings are worn to-day on the lobes of unpierced ears, and so there were many visits to the jewellers. The Association of Diamond Merchants, 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, was found to be a real treasure-house. There is a special display of the coveted ornaments for ears, either pierced or unpierced.

They are in great variety and at prices surprisingly and pleasingly moderate. The double-tassel style of earring, in amethyst and pearl, is sold for £3 15s. a pair, or if peridot is preferred to amethyst, these are a pound cheaper. Very handsome single-drop earrings, consisting of two really good pearls and two good diamonds for each ear, are only ten guineas, and pearl-and-diamond drops, one of each gem, are £5 15s. Pink coral is now much in favour, and a pair of ear-ornaments consisting of a coral-and-pearl drop at 30s., may be considered a bargain, while diamond-and-turquoise drops for three guineas can be included in the same category. The investment is one which can be quite conscientiously commended, because earrings are singularly becoming; now that no piercing is necessary, the reproach of "a relic of barbarism" is removed from the wearing thereof.

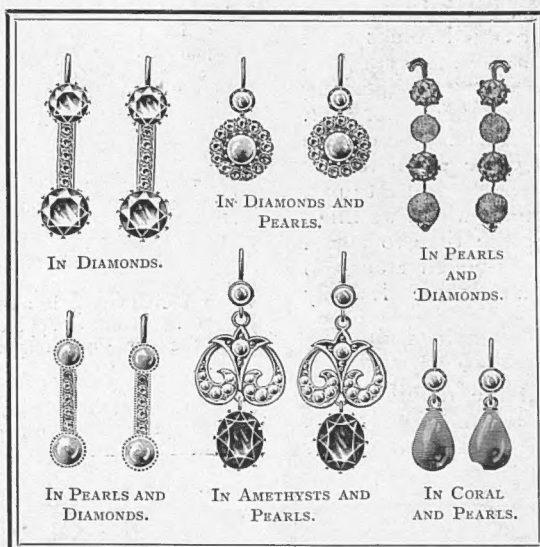
The pinafore style of dress is revived, of course with a

difference. Dame Fashion is too good a friend to trade ever to be monotonous. Therefore this *rentrée* need cause no exultation in breasts which two seasons ago were covered by the drawn-up kind of bodice. The new pinafore style is Princess shape. Even when the fabric is thick tussore or cloth the yoke and sleeves are chiffon, fine embroidered lawn, or *broderie Anglaise*. A novel arrangement, but one not to be ventured on recklessly, is a series of pleats from a band round the shoulders. The front is a wide-shaped plastron from bust to hem, and the pleats on the bodice part converge to the waist and widen out below it. The effect is best in a thin fabric with rather wide stripes, the pleats so folded as to show the edges only. Such a gown in maize and cream-colour striped voile and silk, the plastron and bands in cream-coloured tussore, and the yoke and sleeves in cream-coloured net, with ribbon embroidery in maize, is dainty and pretty. A brown chip hat is provided to wear with it, to be set well back on the head. It is trimmed with maize azaleas and brown tulle, and has at one side a great cluster of shaded maize and bronze-green ostrich-feathers.

Relationship between bodice and skirt is insisted on this spring. We are brought into line about this after a couple of seasons' philandering. If a lace or chiffon or embroidered muslin blouse be desired, as it certainly will, being dainty and becoming, either it must be dyed to match the skirt in colour or it must have a little bolero

like the skirt, or some folds *fichu*-wise from waist-line at the back to waist-line in front, across the shoulders, of the skirt material.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a simple gown in sulphur-coloured marquisette embroidered deeply at the hem and on the bodice in deeper and paler yellow; the high waist-band is black taffeta. Another stylish costume is of black-and-white check tweed, and is a suitable dress for uncertain and chilly weather at races, such as was experienced at the Household Brigade Meeting last week. The belt is black leather, and the collar and cuffs faced with black. The straw hat is trimmed with a sash finished with fringe.



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